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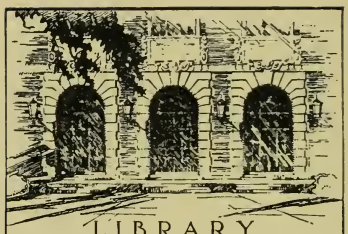

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THE

MILITARY SKETCH-BOOK.

REMINISCENCES OF SEVENTEEN YEARS IN THE SERVICE ABROAD AND AT HOME.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE LINE.

"The wight can tell
A melancholy and a merry tale
Of field, and fight, and chief, and lady gay."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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THE

MILITARY SKETCH-BOOK.

NIGHTS IN THE GUARD-HOUSE.

No. IV.

"COME, you Jack Andrews, lave off your caperin' about there, and give us that song the Captain made on the bowld Guerilla," said private Mulligan to his comrade, who was taking a lesson from Lance-Corporal Brogan on the Ballycraggen* pushing-step, to set his blood into circu-

* The technical term for a particular movement in the art of Irish village dancing.

lation; for he had been just relieved from a two hours' stand upon the side of as bleak a mountain as ever sentry stood upon; where the keen winds of a cold frosty night had full play upon his patient and good-humoured countenance.

"Make room, then, and let me have the next place to the hob," replied Jack. He was very soon accommodated with the desired seat; for Andrews was a good singer, and a still better story-teller: he had seen a great deal of service, although a young man, and from his uncommonly retentive memory could detail the most minute circumstances of his campaigns; he therefore was the very life of the guard-room; and the men of the regiment used to say, that if Jack Andrews and Corporal Callaghan were but along with them, they would not refuse two extra guards in the week.

The fire was soon surrounded, and Peninsular Bob, the sergeant of the guard, bestirred himself from his snooze in the old arm chair, right in front of the hearth, to listen to the fine voice and admire the musical taste of Jack Andrews.

"Why," said Jack, "the song of 'The Guerilla' is a very sweet thing, when sung by two voices; but without two it is not quite so good. Corporal

Callaghan knows it well, and has often sung it with me; so as soon as he returns from relieving the sentries, I'll sing the song with him, if you can persuade him to it. He knows the air better than I do, for he learnt it from the Guerillas themselves when there was a troop of them at Tolosa, and I learnt it from him; but if you have no objection, lads, I'll sing a song which the Captain wrote to a fine bold and romantic French air, which I have heard the French soldiers singing many a night, close to my own post."

Of course, the proposal was received unanimously; and when silence was perfectly restored, (for all spoke on the subject at once,) Jack Andrews sang the following song, first having taken the precaution of shutting the door, lest he might happen to be heard outside although there was very little danger of being surprised by any of the officers in his melodious dereliction from strict military practice.

THE SENTINEL.

When o'er the camp the midnight moonlight beams,
And soldiers' eyes are seal'd in happy slumber,
The wakeful sentinel his watch proclaims,
And silence sweetly swells the echoing number:

Oh! then to Heaven his eyes he turns,
And murmurs with a glowing sigh,
"Angels bright that dwell above,
Tell my country, tell my love,
For them—for them I watch, for them I 'll die!"

And, as the foe's night-fires before him play,
His bosom swells with flames still stronger burning;
He gazes on them—wishes for the day,
With glory and the fight once more returning!
Oh! then to Heaven his eyes he turns,
And murmurs with a glowing sigh,
"Angels bright that dwell above,
Tell my country, tell my love,
For them—for them I 'll fight, for them I 'll die!"

And should he, in the battle's raging heat,
With valiant heart and arm the foe confounding;
Oh! should the hero then his death-wound meet,
And Victory his glorious knell be sounding,
Again to Heaven his eyes he turns,
And murmurs with his life's last sigh,
"Angels bright that dwell above,
Tell my country, tell my love,
For them—for them I fought, for them I die!"

This, sung in admirable style by the manly voice of Jack Andrews, had a powerful effect upon the listeners, for the air was of a romantically martial character, composed during the best days of Napoleon's glory, when chivalric enthusiasm infused itself into every shade of French imagina-

tion. There was not a man of the guard who had not served in the Peninsula during the brightest period of England's military grandeur, when she stood opposed to Napoleon's greatest heroes; and from a recollection of the scenes of that time, awakened by the song, there arose a feeling in every breast around the humble hearth of Ballycraggen Guard-house, which commanders might have envied, and philosophers admired. It brought all back to the romance of war; it placed them in situations familiar to their fancy; it touched the most delightful chord of the soldier's heart, and every tongue became eloquent upon the source of its sensations. There is no sign in Nature's mnemonics like music: it is a talisman of power. Moore has beautifully expressed this in poetry, but not so effectually as the following lines, attributed to the unfortunate Ensign Dermody.

To him whose heart is dark with shades of care,
How sweet 's the melody it loved to hear
In days gone by! Yet bitter is the strain:
Oh! 'tis a mingling of delight with pain;
For, though the hand of Time well-nigh efface
Each blur and furrow—each deforming trace,
Which stern Adversity's harsh hand design'd
To spoil the lively landscape of the mind,

Some passing sound, some melancholy lay,
The favour'd pleasure of some former day,
Falls on his soul; and, as the listener hears,
Forth comes the magic stream of memory's tears,
Which, dropping on the picture, bright again
Enlivens alike each beauty and each stain,
Casting a varnish of so mix'd a dye
That (by its gloss) 'twill please yet pain the eye!"

Bob the sergeant spoke more than any one else on the subject of the song;—"That 's a 'nation good thing, Jack," said he; "it puts me in mind of many a one of my night-guards when I was a private. D—me but it made me think I was on the side of a hill on the advanced-posts, stuck behind a tree, or the corner of a rock, watching the enemy in the moonshine of a fine summer's night, just as I was immediately before the first battle Sir Arthur ever fought in Portugal. I think I 'm there now: it was at Roliça. I was on sentry that night, on a hill, close to the enemy. It was as fine and as calm a night as ever was seen. The French were posted thick upon the heights in front of us—infernal steep and craggy precipices, where it was almost impossible to come at them. There was I about three hundred yards in front of

them. On this advanced-post I was the sentry, and was just leaning against an old windmill, looking out at the French vidette, who was stuck on horseback, like the statue at Charing Cross, right out upon a high rock, at the top of a hill. The moon was rising behind him, and I could see the figure of the fellow and his horse just like one of those black shadows they cut out in card. The whole country round was one of the most beautiful pictures in the world. Down under my eyes was a little wood of lightish-coloured trees, (cork, I believe,) a small stream at the end of it: all along, to the distance of about two miles, I could see different old convents, and houses beset with orange and olive-trees; and the moonlight threw such a beautiful colouring over them that I could not help feeling melancholy.—You may smile, lads, but I was a young man then, and only a few days in a foreign country: I could almost smell the sea-air; for we were only three miles from the beach, along which we had been so lately sailing: I had not been many weeks away from a comfortable home—father, mother, sweetheart and all: I was then standing between two great armies, ready

to start upon each other: and I did not know but the next day would see my first fight and my last hour. I 'll leave it to any man here, who ever was in any thing like such a situation, to say, whether it is not calculated to make an impression on the feelings."

"Oh, by my sowl! and that it is, sargeant," replied private Mulligan; "particularly when you are not a long time at the work."

"Well," continued the sergeant, "it was at that old windmill I heard the song of 'The Sentinel' first, from one of the enemy, who was sitting with four or five others on the top of one of the heights; and when he was done, a crowd of our fellows, about two or three hundred yards from me, gave him three rounds of applause. The night was so still, that you could hear the cocking of a musket half a mile off, and the song went most melodiously. God knows whether the poor fellow ever sang another song! for the next day there was no singing, but plenty of dancing, to the tune of '*over the hills and far away*,' and I rather think we made the French pay the piper."

"Bluranouns! tell us how it *was*, sargeant,"

exclaimed Mulligan, with an anxious smile, and a chuckling twist of his hands. The sergeant was not sorry to have such a favour asked of him, and he did not lose a moment in complying with the request, which now became general.

"After I was relieved that night, I lay down in my guard-coat on some Indian-corn straw, behind a wall or sort of pent-house, where our advanced piquet was, and I slept a couple of hours; after which Tom Singleton and I smoked a little while, out of a short stump of a pipe, which Tom brought with him from England, and warmed our gobs with a drop out of the canteen. It was broad daylight, and we got up to look out at the heights over the wall; for the officer of the piquet was very busy with his spy-glass reconnoitring, and we knew we were soon to begin a little bit of business with the Mounseers.

"Every body thought Sir Arthur would not let us be long before we should be ordered to be ready, —for he looked like a sharp one. We had not been many minutes leaning over the wall, when we saw the blue fellows moving along the height immediately in front of us, as if to take up a position

on their own extreme left; and, presently, four or five officers—I suppose the General and his staff—appeared where the vidette was posted, and planted an eagle-flag on the highest point of the hill; after which all drew their swords, took off their hats, and saluted it. Thinks I, 'Sir Arthur will pay his addresses to that same flag before long.' The French General took damned good care to place the eagle on the top of a rock, where the boys could not *scale her nest* very easily.

"The piquet was very soon after relieved; and when we had been with the bivouac of our regiment about a couple of hours, we were all ordered out under arms, along with the other regiments of the brigade. 'Ho, ho!' says I to my comrade, 'there will be something going on very quickly, you may depend upon it.' We stood behind a line of loose trees and bushes quite covered from the enemy's view. I could see that other brigades were also under arms, at about a quarter of a mile off; in short, between every opening of either walls, or woods, or houses, upon each plain and little open hill within view, I could see the red coats either drawn up like ourselves, or moving

along at quick time with their arms and accoutrements glistening like glass. All the army seemed on the alert—several pieces of artillery passed us down the road towards the front, and Sir Arthur himself was galloping about with his staff giving directions. He once stopped behind a small house along with General Crawford, who commanded us, and showed him a large map, as if pointing out something very important; after which *our* General came back to where the brigade was, under the trees, and talked for ten minutes or so to Colonel Lake, our commanding officer, (God rest his soul, he was not long alive after that!) I could see by the men's faces and their manners, that they expected something which was strange to them; but still they were joking and laughing: the officers were uncommonly pleasant, particularly the young ones. It was a most delightful morning—only a little too hot; but we were under the trees, and tolerably well shaded from the effects of the sun. A Portuguese muleteer just then came out from a sandy narrow lane, with a pannier full of grapes and oranges, and the men at the flank of the regiment where I was, were helping

themselves to the welcome fruit, which they purchased for little or nothing, when an Aid-de-camp came galloping down the road behind where we were formed, and spoke a few words to General Crawford ; then galloped away again. We were helping ourselves to the grapes and oranges, which, with our bread, made a good breakfast, when the word was given "*attention*," and the feast was at an end. The whole of the brigade instantly formed into close column, and we moved out towards the front, still covered by the wood, and were joined by three other brigades, all forming into one solid column. As we marched on, there was not a word spoken, except an occasional command from the officers. We knew not what was to be expected ; but guessed, from seeing a brigade of artillery not far on our right, ready at their guns, silent and waiting the word. There seemed to be scarcely a breeze or a fly to disturb the silence of that fine summer's day, and the business upon which all were engaged:—an awful silence it was—nothing to be heard but the soft tread of our feet, as we moved over the heath, and the grass, and the sand.

We were now halted—still in the wood ; but

within half-shot of the heights; and the French guns were not idle whenever any of our forces were to be seen; but we were completely covered. Two other brigades now joined us, and the whole of us were formed into one close column. A finer body of fellows never stood together. We did not halt many minutes; and during these few minutes the General officers and staff were very busy—riding up and down the column, and giving orders, as coolly and as calmly as if they were in the barrack-yard; but their countenances were expressive of a seriousness, which I never saw upon a parade—they seemed as if they were not now *playing* soldiers, but on the point of going to work like good ones. Our Colonel now addressed us in a short but striking manner. He hoped we would show that the regiment was worthy its name. I think his eye met every one of ours. I never saw a man say so much by his looks in my life:—we all knew what he meant, and although we could not speak our mind, we showed it by our faces. I know the tears came into *my* eyes, and I did not know why; for I could have jumped into a mortar's mouth at the time, and taken a

mile's ride on a shell; but the fact is, it was the brotherly kindness Colonel Lake felt for us, and the pride he took in the old 29th, which affected me."

"Oh, faith!" said Mulligan, "It 's not always grief nor sorrow that makes a body's eyes wathery, sargeant."

"Well, the moment all was ready, there was nothing but a dead silence. Every man—Generals and all—were in their places. A minute or two would take the column out from the wood, and then 'ware hawk' from the guns on the heights. 'Steady, men,'—'Forward!' The curtain was soon up. Bang went the artillery of the French—right into our column, as it poured out from the wood; and *rattle* went our artillery on the right also, to support us. We moved on steady towards the bed of a stream (quite dry) that winded up the hill: it was about as broad as this room; and so steep that we must have bent a good deal to have got up it: through this passage we were to go and make our way up to the French fellows. On we moved for about three hundred yards under the fire, without being much injured;

at all events, it did not make a great difference in our column, although I stood upon three or four poor fellows as I advanced, who had fallen. I could see on my left, at a good distance, a large body of our troops moving on also; and this gave us still more confidence. We were getting vexed from the fire above by the time we got to the passage up the hill, and our fellows began to swear vengeance against the Mounseers. If we could have got up in any numbers at once, I really think we would have eaten the damned rascals; but we were obliged to go—not more than four or five abreast; and had to stumble our way over lumps of stones as big as the big drum. Our orders were to get up as fast as possible, and form above as soon as we had made good our ground. We scarcely lost a man killed or wounded in going up the hill through the crags and stones, until we came nearly to the top. Here the way was a little wider, and our Colonel formed us up in a pretty fair sort of way, giving us the word to advance at double-quick time; when out comes a volley from a green mound of earth in front of us and right in the middle of the way. This mound was

covered with bushes, and from behind these the firing came: it was by a set of riflemen who were posted there in ambush: but when they fired they ran like devils back—every one of them, except a few that fell on their faces; for we gave them a volley that knocked them over in good style. Several of my comrades dropped at this point, and our poor Colonel too. He laid himself up against the side of the bank, and although scarcely able to breathe, smiled, and pointed with his sword to go on. We never stopped, but mounted like tigers to the top, although half a regiment let slap at us from the opening. Oh! if they had only stood till we could have got our bayonets into them! but they ran off to about a hundred yards distance, and in a few moments our regiment and two others were up and formed as compactly as you please, when we received another volley from the French, at both sides and in front—thick as hail. Many of our men fell, but we closed up, and did not miss them. '*Let us at them*,' was heard from many mouths. Vexed and impatient, we soon had the word '*Charge!*' The French were in full line, and so were we: they advanced to meet us like men,—

damned beardy, tall, raw-boned grenadiers, with long grey frock-coats and red-worsted epaulettes. On we went; and when within about ten yards of them, we all gave a yell,—' Hurrah !' and Oh, Christ !—We dashed at them,—they huzza'd as well as ourselves; but in a moment every English bayonet was bloody to the hilt. Over they went; and the rear-rank of the French, although they stood a little, and did some execution, was soon settled. We butted them when we were tired sticking them. I broke my musket by a blow I made at a fellow, and missed him; but I jumped at his throat, although he was a tall man, and pulled him right down; however, there I left him, and ran after my regiment; for he lost his musket, and must have been taken prisoner by the troops advancing into the field. The French, now at our right and left, opened a fire on us, which knocked many a poor fellow off the hooks, and we fell back to the main-body of our troops; for we were only treating the enemy with a few steel lozenges, while the remainder of the column was getting up the hill; and how they got up so soon I cannot imagine. I did not think we were five minutes at

work in all, when I turns and sees the whole column formed in line, and the right of it pelting away, volley after volley, at the French, who now showed an immense front. It was a sort of even ground enough, but covered with grape stumps, and loaded with bunches; however the *grape-shot* was of more consequence to me, so I never minded touching the grape *fruit*. There was nothing done for half an hour but banging away with the musketry and a few of the French guns; but while this was going on, our men were getting up the hill, and forming in our rear as fast as possible. Men were dropping, both French and English, quick enough, I assure you; and we were longing for another charge, to put an end to the peppering. This we were soon indulged with. '*Steady, my lads*,' was the cry from the officers, '*another taste of the bayonet*.' The French formed a strong first line, and their battalions in the rear were forming into a second. 'Now, men,' says a General who rode behind *our* first line, 'keep steady, and do your duty.'—'Charge!' was the word:—in a moment we were not forty yards from the enemy.—'Hurrah!'—Oh such a shout as we gave! But it was

answered by the French every bit as loud; and they did not flinch. At them we went, like devils again; and down they went like twigs. They found it was no use trying it,—they were knocked about; and although they did as much as men could do, they were obliged to start about (those that were not down) and make the best of their way off. We halted and loaded, as steady as rocks—most of our gun-barrels were streaming with blood, which wetted the powder as it went in. I 'm sure that was *my* case; for when we gave them a volley, I know my musket did not go off, so I threw it away, and took up another from one of our poor fellows, who lay on his face behind us, with his head knocked all to pieces. I 'm certain it was Jem Ellis, by a ring on his finger; but you didn't know Jem, poor fellow! that ring was given to him by a sweet little girl the day we embarked, and he intended to marry her if God spared his life; but unfortunately he met his fate with a cannon-ball. Well, after this second charge, we expected an attack from the French cavalry; and they certainly came upon our right; but made no impression. Just as

we halted, after scattering the line of the enemy, their General came galloping in amongst his men, roaring out to them to rally; it was General Laborde; and at that moment, a battalion on my left poured in a round upon them; but still they formed up in good style: one of the balls hit the General: he alighted, and sat down beside a bank: we could see the surgeons tying up the wound. There was not much harm done him, for he mounted again and rode away along the line. At this time we were getting pretty well used to the business, and the men stood as quiet as logs, wiping their faces, and damning the French; yet the firing continued as brisk as ever; and although our first engagement, we went on just as if we were at a review: whenever a poor fellow dropped, we closed up, and kept our front complete. In a moment I sees, left and right of the field, at about half a mile distant, our red boys moving in towards us: they had got round on the enemy's flanks —the sight was glorious. We now got the word for another charge, and went to it as confident of success as if we were going to upset a parcel of

skittles; but we had much harder work; for the French rather stunned us with a volley just as we approached: however we closed up, and pegged away, right and left, huzzaing and roaring like madmen. Away they ran, and we after them, until we were ordered to form up again: I was just falling in, when I felt my right leg very heavy and numbed like, and rather difficult to move; I put down my hand to my ankle, and found my stocking soaked with blood, but I felt no pain. In a few moments, by George! I could not move my leg at all; so I very reluctantly sat down under a rising bank, pulled off my shoe, and was obliged to cut off my stocking: I was hit, sure enough, right through the fleshy part of my leg, and I felt it now impossible to move. There was a general shout down on the right, and I could see our battalions advancing in double-quick time; the staff galloping about everywhere; and a brigade of artillery of ours blazing away like hell-fire at the enemy. Several regiments passed by me in columns and in high spirits; so that I knew the French were retiring: I gave them three cheers as they

passed,* in which I was joined by my wounded comrades, lying about, and several of the lads threw us canteens of rum and wine, which were very acceptable. I gave a poor French fellow a drop out of one of them, and I do think it saved his life; he shook hands with me, and said something in French, I suppose to thank me: he looked like a ghost before he took it, and after he lay down a bit, his face got its natural colour, and he seemed much stronger. Here we all lay until near seven o'clock in the evening; the field covered up and down with wounded, dying and dead. I lost sight of the troops in about an hour after I fell; but I had no doubt they settled the matter

* It is very common for the wounded to cheer their more fortunate comrades as they pass on to the attack. The most remarkable occurrence of this description took place at the battle of Vimiera, five days after the battle above described. A man of the name of Stuart, the piper belonging to the 71st regiment, was wounded in the thigh very severely, at an early period of the action; and having refused to be removed, he sat upon a bank, playing martial airs during the remainder of the battle. He was heard to address his comrades thus:—"*Weel, my bra' lads, I can gang na' longer wi' ye a fightin', but Deel burn my saul if ye shall want music.*" For this the Highland Society justly voted him a handsome set of pipes with a flattering inscription engraved upon them.

very soon, for the artillery could not be heard in a short time after the advance. I talked as well as I could to the poor French grenadier beside me, and we seemed happy to speak together, although not understanding much what each other said, except by signs. About six o'clock I sees a Portuguese fellow, with a great slouched hat, poking about amongst the dead, and rifling them of money, watches, clothes, and whatever he could get. A French officer who lay upon a sort of rise was attacked by this fellow: the officer was a powerful man, and resisted being robbed, although he could not stand up. I had no idea what the rascal of a Portuguese meant to do; when I saw him hit the officer with an immense pole, on the head, and the unfortunate man fell flat. There was an English sergeant of the 91st regiment near me, severely wounded, and says I to him, 'Sergeant, do you see that?' 'I do,' says he. 'Have you a musket near you?' says I. 'Yes, here is one,' says he. 'Then keep it, and load,' says I, 'for I 'll knock that fellow over with mine.' The sergeant loaded while lying down, having got a cartridge from a pouch of a dead man near

him:—'Are you ready?' says I. 'Yes.' 'Then if I miss him, and he should come up to us, wait till he is close—then make sure of him.' The Portuguese had now left the Frenchman, and was engaged at a dead English officer: he was stooping down. I raised myself up, and leaned my musket on the French grenadier's shoulder to take good aim—I covered my mark, and fired:—the rascal jumped two feet off the ground, roared out 'Ai! Jesus!' and dropped like a cock on his face. He did not lift his long-pole again, I warrant you.

"In a very short time after this, a detachment arrived on the ground, to take away the wounded, and the surgeons had us removed into a house where there was plenty of straw—French, English, and all together. From the men who took us off the field, I learned that the enemy were completely beaten, and retired, leaving their artillery behind.

"This was the very first brush our troops had under Sir Arthur, and for beginners, I never saw better boys in my life. In about five days after this, they had another trial, at the

battle of Vimiera; and I wish I had not been wounded so soon, or I should have had a finger in the pie.

"This was before you came to our regiment, Sergeant—wasn't it?" said Jack Andrews.

"Yes," replied the sergeant, "I was drafted into this corps two years after that battle."

"It was a right good shot you made at the Portuguese scoundrel?" said Mulligan; "By the powers o' Moll Kelly, you sarved him right; an' if it was my case, I'd just a' done the self same thing. The rascals used to follow the army, whenever there was a likelihood of a battle, an' not only rob, but murdther the wounded. The Spaniards were no betther;—ay, an' what's worse than all that, some of our own army's women, at the battle of Vittoria, were seen doin' the same thing. Several of them were caught in the act by the provost, an' flogged well, though they *were* women,—an' the devil's cure to them for it."

"Hush—I think the sentry has challenged. Here comes Callaghan," said the Sergeant, listening: and the word "Halt!" outside, convinced him that he was right in his conjecture.

The Corporal, with four men as cold as the weather without, now entered the guard-house, and joined their comrades at the fire. They brought with them a stranger, an exciseman, whose face was somewhat disfigured; and the Corporal informed the Sergeant, that some countrymen, who kept a private still, had attacked him, and would perhaps have killed him but for the guard who were within call. "Captain Jones met us," said Callaghan, "an' desired me to conduct this man safe to the guard-house; an' said that he would send the ordtherly officer down to you with further ordthers. The man is supposed to be very active about private stills here; an' this is the way they have rewarded him.—Pon my sowl, Sir, you got a hell of a dthrubbing."

"I think I did," returned the exciseman; "but I 'll make them pay for that through the nose, please the pigs."

The orderly officer now entered the guard-room, and directed the Sergeant to take three men of the guard, and to conduct the exciseman safely home across the mountain; for

which the latter returned thanks. The party set out immediately, and the orderly officer returned to his quarters; while Corporal Callaghan took a snooze in the Sergeant's chair, during his absence.

ABSENT WITHOUT LEAVE;

OR,

GONE TO SEA IN A COACH.

Ay; now we see it,
And there's the coach!——
Southey.

In many, if not in most, of the regiments of our army, there is to be found a sort of officer who is a privileged oddity,—who takes liberties with all his brethren of the mess with impunity, and who pockets every thing short of a blow with the best possible humour. In general, the individuals of this description are designated in the mess-room vocabulary, "*Good-tempered Old Stagers*," and "*Old Stickers*," meaning thereby, that they

can "go" at the bottle, and "stick" at the table till "all's blue."

One of these, a Quartermaster of infantry, with a nose of the genuine Bardolph complexion, a rosy and eternal smile, a short figure, and a big head, having dined with a party of brother officers at the *Three Cups*, Harwich—the day on which his regiment marched into the barracks of that town—was in the best possible spirits: so much so, that he gave the bottle no rest until about eleven o'clock; and became "glorious," just as the company broke up—right or wrong he *would* go along with three of the youngest subalterns to ramble by the sea-side in the moonshine, having been "*so long i' the sun.*" They permitted him reluctantly; perhaps, indeed, because they could not prevent him; but when the party got down to the place where passengers and goods are usually embarked, the Quartermaster became totally overpowered, and sank senseless into a snore. The officers whom he accompanied could not think of carrying his *corpus* back to the inn; nor were there any persons near whom they could employ for the purpose: one of them, therefore,

opened the door of a private carriage which stood near, "unshipped" from the wheels—ready for embarkation, and in a moment the sleeper was bundled into it, where he was left to his repose with the door fast shut upon him.

Next morning at daybreak (about three o'clock) the coach, with its contents, was put on board the Hamburg packet, and stowed away at the very bottom of the hold: in half an hour after this, the vessel put to sea.

For the whole of the day the packet had a brisk breeze, and at midnight was a good hundred miles away from Harwich: a dead calm set in. It was a beautiful night in July, and the passengers were not all gone to bed: some walked the deck, and others sat below at cards—every thing was silent, except the rattling of the ropes as the ship yielded to the smooth and gentle swell of the sleeping North Sea. About this time, the Quartermaster, it is supposed, awoke; at least he had not been heard before to utter his complaints, probably from the bustle consequent on the managing of the vessel in a stiff breeze. However, it was at this time that his cracked and buried

voice first fell upon the ears of the crew; and for about twenty minutes the panic it created is indescribable. The whist company in the cabin, at first thought it was one of the sailors in a chest, and called the captain; who declared he had been that minute examining into the cause of the unearthly sounds, and had mustered his crew, all of whom were on deck, as much astonished as he was —nay, more so, for one of them, a Welshman, felt convinced that the voice proceeded from the speaking trumpet of the ghost of David Jones, his former shipmate, "who had died in ill will with him."

"Hallo—o—o—o—o!"—"Murder!"—"Murder!" now rose upon all ears, as if the voice were at the bottom of the sea. The Welshman fell upon his knees, and begged forgiveness of his injured and departed friend, David Jones: the rest of the crew caught a slight tinge of his fears, and paced about in couples to and fro; some declaring the voice was below the rudder, and others that it was at the mast-head. The passengers, one and all, hurried on deck; in short, none on board, not even the Captain and the oldest seaman,

were free from alarm: for they had searched every *habitable* place in the vessel without discovering the cause of their terrors, and the hold, it was evident, could not have contained an extra rat, it was so crammed with luggage, &c. "Let me out, you d——d rascals! let me out—let me out, I say!" screamed the voice with increased vigour. These exclamations the Welshman declared were addressed to devils, that were tormenting his deceased enemy David; and he uttered a fervent prayer for the peace of the wandering and unhappy soul: but a different idea was awakened in the mind of the Captain by the words "*Let me out*," "There is somebody packed up in the hold," exclaimed he; and instantly ordering the men to follow him down, all began to remove the upper layer of articles; which being done, the voice became louder and more distinct.

"Where are you?" bawled the Captain.

"I'm here in a coach, d—n you!" answered the Quartermaster.

The mystery was now solved, and the Welshman made easy; but no one could imagine how a human being could have got *into* the carriage.

However, satisfaction on this point was not to be waited for; so the men fell to work, and after about half an hour's hard exertion, succeeded in disincumbering the vehicle. They then proceeded to unpack the Quartermaster, whose astonishment amounted almost to madness, when he found that he had not only been confined in a coach, but in a ship, and that the said ship was then in the middle of the German Ocean!

It was impossible to put back to Harwich, so no remedy was left the little fat gentleman but to proceed to the end of the voyage, and to take a passage back from Hamburg as soon as possible. This was bad enough; but his hopes of an early return were almost destroyed by the setting in of adverse winds, which kept the vessel beating about in a most bile-brewing and stomach-stirring ocean, for ten days and nights; during which time, when not sea-sick, the Quartermaster was employed in profoundly meditating *how* he could have got into the coach; and even after having taken the opinion of the captain, the crew, and all the passengers, upon the matter, he felt himself as much in the dark as ever. The last thing he could

recollect of "the land he had left," was that he dined and *wined* at the "Three Cups,"—what followed was chaos.

But the worst of the affair, decidedly, was that the day on which he had been *put to sea* was the 22d of the month, and as it was impossible for him to make his appearance with his regiment on the 24th, he knew he must, as a matter of course, be reported "*Absent without leave*" at head quarters, and that he would most probably be *superseded*. This reflection was even worse than the weather to the Quartermaster, though the rough sea had already almost "brought his heart up." However, he had great hopes of being able to join his regiment on the 10th of the following month—the next *return-day*—and, by due application, he thought he might contrive to prevent supersession. Ten days of this time was, however, consumed before he set a foot upon the German shore, and then only half of his excursion was over: all his hopes rested upon a quick passage back to Harwich. This, however, the Fates denied him; for having drawn on the agent—got the cash—engaged his passage to England—laid in sea-stock, and all

things necessary—the packet, just as she was leaving Hamburg, was run foul of by a five-hundred-ton ship, and so much injured that she was obliged to put back, and the unfortunate Quartermaster was thus compelled to wait a fortnight for another opportunity of returning to England. He not only was delayed beyond the 10th (return-day) but beyond the following 24th, and when he *did* arrive, he found that he had been not only superseded by the Commander-in-chief, but considered dead by all his friends and relations !

However, on personally applying for reinstatement, he obtained it, and once more joined his old corps at Harwich, where he many a night amused the mess with the recital of his trip to sea in the coach ; which was always given with most effect when he was *half-seas-over*.

THE PUNISHMENT.

The image of this suffering quite unmans me.
Lee.

"PARADE, Sir!—Parade, Sir!—There 's a parade this morning, Sir!"

With these words, grumbled out by the unyielding leathern lungs of my servant, I was awakened from an agreeable dream in my barrack-room bed one morning about a quarter before eight o'clock.

"Parade!"—I reflected a moment;—"Yes," said I, "*a punishment* parade."

I proceeded to dress; and as I looked out of my window I saw that the morning was as gloomy and disagreeable as the duty we were about to

perform. "Curse the punishment!—curse the crimes!" muttered I to myself.

I was soon shaved, booted, and belted. The parade-call was beaten, and in a moment I was in the barrack-yard.

The non-commissioned officers were marching their squads to the ground: the officers, like myself, were turning out: the morning was cold as well as foggy: and there was a sullen, melancholy expression upon every man's countenance, indicative of the relish they had for a punishment parade: the faces of the officers, as upon all such occasions, were particularly serious: the women of the regiment were to be seen in silent groups at the barrack-windows—in short, every thing around appealed to the heart, and made it sick. Two soldiers were to receive three hundred lashes each! One of them, a corporal, had till now preserved a good character for many years in the regiment; but he had been in the present instance seduced into the commission of serious offences, by an associate of very bad character. Their crimes, arising doubtless from habits of intoxication, were, disobedience of orders, insolence to the sergeant on

duty, and the making away with some of their necessaries.

The regiment formed on the parade, and we marched off in a few minutes to the riding-house, where the triangle was erected, about which the men formed a square, with the Colonel, the Adjutant, the Surgeon, and the drummers in the centre.

"Attention!" roared out the Colonel. The word, were it not that it was technically necessary, need not have been used, for the attention of all was most intense; and scarcely could the footsteps of the last men, closing in, be fairly said to have broken the gloomy silence of the riding-house. The two prisoners were now marched into the centre of the square, escorted by a corporal and four men.

"Attention!" was again called, and the Adjutant commanded to read the proceedings of the court-martial. When he had concluded, the Colonel commanded the private to "*strip*."

The drummers now approached the triangle, four in number, and the senior took up the "*cat*" in order to free the "tails" from entanglement with each other.

"Strip, Sir!" repeated the Colonel, having observed that the prisoner seemed reluctant to obey the first order.

"Colonel," replied he, in a determined tone, "I 'll volunteer."*

"You 'll volunteer, will you, Sir?"

"Yes; sooner than I 'll be flogged."

"I am not sorry for that. Such fellows as you can be of no use to the service except in Africa. Take him back to the guard-house, and let the necessary papers be made out for him immediately."

The latter sentence was addressed to the Corporal of the guard who escorted the prisoners, and accordingly the man who volunteered was marched off, a morose frown and contemptuous sneer strongly marked on his countenance.

The Colonel now addressed the other prisoner.

"You are the last man in the regiment I could have expected to find in this situation. I made you a corporal, Sir, from a belief that you were

* Men under sentence of court-martial were allowed the option of either suffering the sentence, or volunteering to serve on the coast of Africa.

a deserving man; and you had before you every hope of farther promotion; but you have committed such a crime that I must, though unwillingly, permit the sentence of the court which tried you to take its effect." Then turning to the Sergeant-major, he ordered him to cut off the Corporal's stripes from his jacket: this was done, and the prisoner then stripped without the slightest change in his stern but penitent countenance.

Every one of the regiment felt for the unfortunate Corporal's situation; for it was believed that nothing but intoxication, and the persuasion of the other prisoner who had volunteered, could have induced him to subject himself to the punishment he was about to receive, by committing such a breach of military law, as that of which he was convicted. The Colonel, himself, although apparently rigorous and determined, could not, by all his efforts, hide his regret that a good man should be thus punished: the affected frown, and the loud voice in command, but ill concealed his real feelings;—the struggle between the head and the heart was plainly to be seen; and had the head had but the smallest loophole to have escaped, the

heart would have gained a victory. But no alternative was left; the man had been a *Corporal*, and, therefore, was the holder of a certain degree of trust from his superiors: had he been a private only, the crime might have been allowed to pass with impunity, on account of his former good character; but, as the case stood, the Colonel could not possibly pardon him, much as he wished to do so. No officer was more averse to flogging in any instance, than he was; and whenever he could avert that punishment, consistent with his judgment, which at all times was regulated by humanity, he would gladly do it. Flogging was in his eyes an odious punishment, but he found that the *total* abolition of it was impossible; he therefore held the power over the men, but never used it when it could be avoided. His regiment was composed of troublesome spirits; and courts-martial were frequent: so were sentences to the punishment of the lash; but seldom, indeed, were those punishments carried into execution; for if the Colonel could find no fair pretext in the previous conduct of the criminal, to remit his sentence, he would privately request the Captain of

his company to intercede for him when about to be tied up to the triangle; thus placing the man under a strong moral obligation to the officer under whose more immediate command he was: and in general, this proved far more salutary than the punishment ever could have done.

It is not *flogging* that should be abolished in the army, but the cruel and capricious opinions which move the lash. Humanity and sound judgment are the best restrictions upon this species of punishment; and when they are more frequently brought into action than they have formerly been, there will be but few dissentient opinions upon military discipline.

The prisoner was now stripped and ready to be tied, when the Colonel asked him why he did not volunteer for Africa, with the other culprit.

"No, Sir," replied the man; "I 've been a long time in the regiment, and I 'll not give it up for three hundred lashes; not that I care about going to Africa. I deserve my punishment, and I 'll bear it; but I 'll not quit the regiment yet, Colonel."

This sentiment, uttered in a subdued but manly

manner, was applauded by a smile of satisfaction from both officers and men; but most of all by the old Colonel, who took great pains to show the contrary. His eyes, although shaded by a frown, beamed with pleasure. He bit his nether lip; he shook his head—but all would not do; he could not look displeased, if he had pressed his brows down to the bridge of his nose; for he felt flattered that the prisoner thus openly preferred a flogging to quitting him and his regiment.

The man now presented his hands to be tied up to the top of the triangle, and his legs below: the cords were passed round them in silence, and all was ready. I saw the Colonel at this moment beckon to the surgeon, who approached, and both whispered a moment.

Three drummers now stood beside the triangle, and the sergeant, who was to give the word for each lash, at a little distance opposite.

The first drummer began, and taking three steps forward, applied the lash to the soldier's back—"*one.*"

Again he struck—"*two.*"

Again, and again, until *twenty-five* were called by the Sergeant. Then came the second drummer, and he performed his twenty-five. Then came the third, who was a stronger and a more heavy striker than his coadjutors in office: this drummer brought the blood out upon the right shoulder-blade, which perceiving, he struck lower on the back; but the surgeon ordered him to strike again upon the bleeding part: I thought this was cruel; but I learnt after, from the surgeon himself, that it gave much less pain to continue the blows as directed, than to strike upon the untouched skin.

The poor fellow bore without a word his flagellation, holding his head down upon his breast, both his arms being extended, and tied at the wrists above his head. At the first ten or twelve blows, he never moved a muscle; but about the twenty-fifth, he clenched his teeth and cringed a little from the lash. During the second twenty-five, the part upon which the cords fell became blue, and appeared thickened, for the whole space of the shoulder-blade and centre of the back; and

before the fiftieth blow was struck, we could hear a smothered groan from the poor sufferer, evidently caused by his efforts to stifle the natural exclamations of acute pain. The third striker, as I said, brought the blood; it oozed from the swollen skin, and moistened the cords which opened its way from the veins. The Colonel directed a look at the drummer, which augured nothing advantageous to his interest; and on the fifth of his twenty-five, cried out to him, "Halt, Sir! you know as much about using the cat as you do of your sticks." Then addressing the Adjutant, he said, "Send that fellow away to drill: tell the drum-major to give him two hours *additional* practice with the sticks every day for a week, in order to bring his hand into—a—proper movement."

The drummer slunk away at the order of the Adjutant, and one of the others took up the cat. The Colonel now looked at the Surgeon, and I could perceive a slight nod pass, in recognition of something previously arranged between them. This was evidently the case; for the latter instantly went over to the punished man, and hav-

ing asked him a question or two, proceeded formally to the Colonel, and stated something in a low voice: upon which the drummers were ordered to take the man down. This was accordingly done; and when about to be removed to the regimental hospital, the Colonel addressed him thus: "Your punishment, Sir, is at an end; you may thank the Surgeon's opinion for being taken down so soon." (Every one knew this was only a pretext.) "I have only to observe to you, that as you have been always, previous to this fault, a good man, I would recommend you to conduct yourself well for the future, and I promise to hold your promotion open to you as before."

The poor fellow replied that he would do so, and burst into tears, which he strove in vain to hide.

Wonder not that the hard cheek of a soldier was thus moistened by a tear; the heart was within his bosom, and these tears came from it. The lash could not force one from his burning eyelid; but the word of kindness—the breath of tender feeling from his respected Colonel, dissolved the stern soldier to the grateful and contrite penitent.

May this be remembered by every commanding officer, when the cat is cutting the back of the soldier! May they reflect that both the back and the heart have feeling; and that the tear of repentance is oftener brought from the culprit's eyes by kindness than by the lash!

ECCENTRICITIES OF THE LATE MORRIS QUILL.

I knew him, Horatio—a fellow of infinite jest—of most excellent fancy.

Shakspeare.

Few indeed are there in the army who have not heard of Morris Quill; and fewer still are they who have known a better man, or a merrier companion. He was a medical officer of the 31st regiment—an Irishman, with one of the softest, soundest, and most gentlemanly brogues that ever eulogised a bottle of genuine port, or asked a favour from a wealthy widow's lip. He

was a fine portly, good-humoured looking, summer-faced son of Erin, with that sort of fun about him which, if it did not injure himself, carried no sting to the bosom of any body else, except when his wit was directed to the operation of crushing some impudent coxcomb; and then it left its penal effects with him who deserved them. He is now no more, poor fellow! He died at Cork a short time ago, and his *last march* was attended by all the military (both half and full pay) in the city and its vicinity. His memory still lives; and so long as there shall be a gallant Peninsular hero to sit at a mess-table, the eccentricities and whims of Morris Quill can never be forgotten. The few which I recollect will be recognized as genuine by all those officers who served in the Duke of Wellington's army. I knew him: I have known his friends: I have seen and heard of most of his drolleries; and from the many I select the few which follow.

For the purpose of creating hilarity, Morris would often affect the greatest simplicity of Irish manners when strangers were at the mess-table.

He would on those occasions tell such anecdotes of himself, as were calculated to make him appear but little removed from barbarism; and this always afforded the highest degree of enjoyment to those who were by, most of whom knew that he was any thing but a barbarian. I was once present when he played off this whim in a most laughable way. There were several very prim and "*monstrous*" important gentlemen dining at the mess—perfect strangers to any thing like a joke, and equally so to Quill.

As soon as the bottle was fairly adrift, Morris seized an opportunity of gravely addressing the President. "Colonel," said he, "I received a *letther* to-day from my *ould* mother in Kerry. Just read the direction on it. I 'm sure 'tis plain enough, and yet it has been two months coming." The letter was handed about the table, and the officers read aloud the address to the perfect astonishment of the visitors.

"*To Misther Docthor Morris Quill, Esquire. Along with Lord Wellington's fighting army in France, or Spain, or Portingale, or maybe else-*

where, and the Western Indys. From his loving mother."

The gravity with which he managed this piece of humour, excited the mirth of all his companions, at the expense of the strangers, who looked very contemptuously on Morris, when they saw this specimen of the family education. However, before they left the table, all was explained, and Quill reinstated in their good opinion.

Morris had served in a regiment before he joined the 31st; and one of his old brother-officers having met him in Dublin, shortly after the exchange, asked him why he did not stay with his old friends?—"Oh, I 'll tell you then," replied Morris. "You see I have a brother in the 32d, and I wanted to be near him in the wars, so I changed into the 31st, which you know is as close as possible to his regiment." At this time they happened to be two thousand miles asunder.

With all the apparent simplicity which Quill exhibited, he was as good a judge of politeness, and knew as well the difference between gentlemanlike familiarity and impertinent freedom, as

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any man in the army; which the following anecdote will in a great measure prove. He exchanged from the 31st, after having been a long time in the regiment, for no other purpose but to be attached to one about to go on actual service, in order that he might have a better chance of promotion. On joining, he had in his pocket letters from all those officers of his old corps who had happened to be acquainted with those of the one into which he exchanged; but he did not take the trouble to present a single one, lest they would suppose, as he said himself, that he wanted them to give him a dinner. In a few days after his joining, a very supercilious officer of the regiment, no less a personage than one of the majors, met him in the mess-room, *tête-à-tête*, and after a little conversation, put a very impertinent question to Morris. "Pray, Sir," said he, "were not you a considerable time in the 31st?"

"Oh, yes, I was, 'faith."

"It is a very good corps indeed—very good corps. I wonder you did not remain in it! Pray, what made you leave it, Sir?"

Morris hesitated a little, and then replied:

"Why, 'faith, I don't like to mention exactly the reason, Major."

"God bless me! what was it?"

"Why, you see, Major, I know you are a gentleman every bit of you; and if you will solemnly pledge me your honour that you will never mention it to any body, I 'll tell you the whole affair."

"'Pon my honour, I won't. I pledge you my honour, I will not mention it."

"'Pon your *honour*," said Morris emphatically.

"'Pon my *honour!*" echoed the Major.

"Well, that 's enough," observed Morris; "I 'll tell you all about it. But shut the door, Major."—The Major obeyed and hurried back to his chair.—"Well, then, you see, when I was in the 31st, I owed a little money here and there; and I was bothered with duns—Oh! the 31st was a fine regiment; it was there we had plenty of credit wherever we went: more is the pity for me; because I just—one day that I was short of a little money—(*whispering*)

"Well, Sir!" interrupted the Major.

"I—a—just—a—put a few of the mess-table spoons and silver forks into my pocket;—that's all."

"Indeed!" observed the Major, drawing back his chair.

"Yes, indeed," continued Morris; "and a fellow there, dressed up in livery (they call him the mess-waiter), saw me do it, and stopped me before the officers;—so I was obliged to leave the regiment; for the colonel was a civil fellow, and let me off without a court-martial."

"Indeed!—ho—hum——Good morning, Sir," *politely* replied the Major, and left the room.

Of course a thing of this kind was not suffered to lie hidden under a bushel half an hour by the Major. He proceeded instantly to the Colonel, and gravely laid open to him the alarming discovery. The Colonel lost not a moment in calling a meeting of the mess. The mess assembled (all excepting Morris, to whom the meeting was not made known, for obvious reasons), and the Major, in an energetic speech, informed the mess that he had heard the fact from Mr. Quill's own lips, with that gentleman's solemn injunction upon the Major to be secret. All were equally astonished and alarmed; each man put his hand instinctively to his fob; and a little attorney-faced captain despatched his

servant to see if his trunks were all safe. The *mad dog* had got amongst them, and there was but one opinion about his expulsion.

Morris was sent for forthwith:—the orderly-serjeant was despatched to tell him that the Colonel and the members of the mess were assembled, and that he was to attend immediately.

The *delinquent* appeared without the least hesitation, and looking as pleasantly as ever. On being informed by the Colonel of the cause of the meeting, he paused, cast his eyes archly at the Major, and exclaimed, "Ah! Major, Major! so you have told on me, though you pledged your *honour!*" (*Not a word from the Major.*) "Now, Colonel, the fact of the matter is this: I was asked a question by that gentleman, which, however he might have meant it, I could not receive but as a joke (a little too free, I must say), and so I—just answered him as the joke deserved. The Major, in a way I did not much relish, asked me, '*What was the reason I quitted the* 31*st?*' and I gave him an answer. It was a question of an odd meaning, and so I gave him an odd reply." (*A stare and a smile from all except the Major.*) "Now," con-

tinued Morris, pulling out a bundle of letters, "there 's a letter for you, Colonel; and one for you, Captain Smith; and for you, Captain Jones; and for you, Lieutenant Edwards:" — so on, until he delivered the bundle of introductions which he brought from his last regiment. The letters were read aloud, and better fun was never enjoyed in the mess-room, nor relished with greater zest before or since; even the Major

"Join'd in the laugh that almost made him sick;"

and Morris became the favourite of every officer in the regiment, always excepting the *honourable* Major himself.

At one period of the Peninsular war, the army was several months in arrear of pay. Money was not to be got anywhere by the advanced troops, except in the class of Generals and higher officers. Morris Quill was, of course, one of those whose purses were empty—indeed there was not a dollar to be *caught* in the regiment from right to left.

A general officer was passing with his staff (General Crawford, I believe) through the village in which Morris was quartered. As soon as he saw the General, he turned to a brother officer,

and said, "By J——! I 've a great mind to ask the General for a few dollars."

"That you may do," replied the officer; "but I 'm sure you will not get them."

"Will you bet me £5 I don't?" returned Morris.

"I will bet you £5 you do not borrow £5 or 20 dollars from *him*."

"Done. I 'll bet you a bill on the paymaster."

"Done."

"Done—and I 'll *dine* with him too," said Morris, as he started off on his poney. He trotted up to the General: taking off his hat in the most "official" manner,—"General," said he, "I beg your pardon—I have to mention to you that my sick are without any *comforts*,*—they will be in a bad way if I cannot buy something for them; and I have no money at all."

"Well, Mr. Quill, that is a very unfortunate thing. How much money will be enough for you?"

"Oh! about 20 dollars, Sir; and if you will lend that sum to me, I will give you an order on

* Such articles as sugar, wine, sago, &c., are termed medical comforts.

Cox and Greenwood for the money; which you can send over, and it will be just the same thing to you."

"Very well, Mr. Quill. Come to my quarters, and you shall have the money."

Morris jogged off with the General about two miles to his quarters; and during the time they were going, the General found him a very pleasant and humorous fellow. Morris, as he was receiving the money, mentioned something about the scarcity of provisions, and concluded by saying, "Faith, General, I don't know when I had a dinner, or even saw the ghost of one: there is a very savoury smell here, I can perceive; but that is a *General* thing, I suppose, in this quarter."

The General without hesitation asked Morris to stay to dinner; and highly enjoyed his society during the evening.

It was eleven o'clock before he returned; when producing the cash, he convinced his friend and the other officers of his success; so they finished the night over a cigar and a bottle of ration grog.

Quill, during the whole time he served in the Peninsula, had a servant who was as whimsical

and as humorous as himself. This servant, he used to say, was "the best caterer for a gentleman's table in hard times, that ever came from Kerry." And so he was; for Morris Quill had always a fowl or a sucking pig for dinner, when the rest of the officers (except those who dined with Morris) were obliged to be contented with a biscuit and a bit of hard beef. Indeed, so excellent a purveyor and cook was Dennis, that his master made it a practice to ask his friends to dine with him, without (*of himself*) knowing where the eatables were to come from. "Dennis," he would say, "I am going to ask a couple of gentlemen to dine with me to-day—indeed *I have* asked them already. What have you got?"

"Oh musha! Docthor Quill, I don't know that I have any thing, barrin' a shouldther o' vale and a hen or two."

(A shoulder of veal! and a brace of fowls! when they were starving!—no bad things.)—Or, perhaps, as it might happen, Dennis would say, "Faith! Masther, I havn't a toothful in the place, barrin' the rashions."

"Well, Dennis, get what you can. Try, can you *buy* any thing about the country?"

(*Buy*, indeed! and not a sixpence in the whole division!)

Morris and his friends would come to dinner at the usual hour, perfectly confident that Dennis had done his duty; and, perhaps, a good pair of fowls, or a piece of pickled pork, or a sucking pig, would welcome their longing appetites.

"Where did you buy these things, Dennis?" Quill would ask.

"O! plase your honour, up there above—over the hill—down there, at a farm-house yondther."

"You 're *sure* you *bought* them, Dennis?"

"O yes; I ped for 'em, Sir—that is, I offered the money to the farmer; but he said, 'Never mind, Dennis,' says he, 'it will do another time.' So I mane to pay the next time I go."

"Very well, very well, Dennis; so as you *paid* for the provision, it 's all well; but take care the Provost doesn't give you your *change* one of these days."

"Oh, never mind that, Sir; the Portuguese here-

abouts all knows me very well, and wouldn't mind if I never ped them a vintin."

And they had a right to know Dennis,—at least their *live stock* had; for there was scarcely a fowl, rabbit, pig, sheep, or calf in the country, that he had not paid his respects to. Dennis used to say, "We are here starvin' and fightin' for the Portuguese; so the laste they may do, is to give us our dinner, *at any rate.*"

The last anecdote of this singular character, which I recollect, is as follows:—

A very hot engagement had taken place, in which the 31st regiment had been hard at work. Quill had his instruments, &c. under a hedge in a valley; at a little distance from the hill which his regiment was endeavouring to take from the French. He stayed pretty near the corps, (for Morris was no flincher,) and one of his brother officers being wounded in the leg, he ran over to him to render what surgical assistance he could. It was necessary to have something from the medicine-chest, which was behind the hedge in the valley, and Morris started off like a hare, to fetch it. At

this moment the regiment was suffering from grape-shot, and the Brigadier-General, who was coming at a gallop along a narrow lane, saw Quill running, inside a hedge, as fast as he could, away from the regiment, in the uniform of which he was; and, thinking it was some cowardly officer who feared the grape, the General cried out to him, "Where are you going, Sir?" To which Morris only replied, still running under the hedge, "By J——s! I won't stay any longer there; it 's too hot." The General again cried out to him, and ordered his aid-de-camp to follow, and march him back a prisoner; but Morris outran the aid-de-camp's horse, and arrived before him at the hedge where his instruments were. When the latter saw who it was, he well nigh fell off his horse with laughing, as he galloped back to tell the General his mistake. Morris laughed heartily, too; and, indeed, he had the laugh all on his own side, as he returned with the medicaments for which he had gone, to assist his wounded brother officer, and with which he ran as fast *into* the field as he had run *out* of it.

MESS-TABLE CHAT.

No. III.

"To laugh with gibing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless vain Comparative."

SHAKSPEARE.

SCENE.—*The Depôt Mess-room at Winchester—a tolerably large apartment, more airy than comfortable; neither carpet nor curtains.—Dinner so so.—Wines of excellent* MANUFACTURE.—*Company, consisting of fifteen officers, (mostly youths) of different regiments, and of course in different uniforms.—Attendants, three recruits in undress, (white flannel,)—no band; but several dogs barking and scudding about the lobby.*

Ensign Newly. By G—d, I never sat down to so d—d a dinner in my life; we get worse and

worse every day: the fish smells infernally, and this hash is made of the hard mutton we had on table last Thursday. Simple, my boy, give us a *sample* of that old cock turkey before you, if you can get a knife into him.

Ensign Simple. I can't carve. (*In a whisper.*) Captain Alder, will you cut the turkey? I never carved in my life.

Capt. Alder. Very well, Mr. Simple, I 'll try my skill. Hand that turkey this way, John.

[*One of the attendant recruits takes the dish of turkey, and in making an unnecessary circuit of the table, flaps down upon his face; the dish is smashed, and the turkey rolls to the far end of the mess room, followed by streams of gravy and the regrets of the company.*]

Ensign Newly. O, curse you for a clodhopper! Run after the turkey, you rascal.

[*John runs and takes up the turkey, but drops it immediately.*]

Lieut. Short. What do you drop the turkey for, Sir, eh?

John. (*Blowing his fingers.*) It 's roasting hot, zur.

Capt. Alder. Send the mess-waiter here, and then go to your duty, Sir. You are not fit to be a scullion.

[*Exit John; and as he goes out, three pointer dogs and a terrier run into the mess-room, and skurry about; one of them seizes on the turkey, but finding it too hot for his palate, drops his prey, and begins to bark loudly at it. The Mess-waiter and two attendants arrive in time, and beat out the dogs, after some difficulty, owing to the canine taste for gravy.*]

Lieut. Grub. Well, d— me, if this is not a pretty *mess.* I wish I was back with my old corps once more, in the wilds of Canada. I never saw a depôt mess yet that could manage a good servant.

Capt. Alder. Never! (*In a whisper.*) Did you ever know it to manage *any thing* good?

Lieut. Short. Mess-waiter! what follows this course?

Mess-waiter. Rabbits, and the cold beef, Sir.

All. The cold beef! The *eternal* cold beef!

Mess-waiter. Gentlemen, I assure you the market was so bad to-day, that we could only find

that turkey; but the beef is very sweet and good yet.

Ensign Newly. Mind, that we have no hashed or deviled tu key this week.

[*looking significantly at the dirtied bird.*]

Mess-waiter. Oh no. Sir; we 'll eat this ourselves.

Ensign Newly. You will have fine sand sauce then.

[*Hash and harrico are now served out amongst the half-grumbling, half-laughing mess, but a glass or two of wine restore matters a little; the rabbits and beef are scarcely tasted, and dinner is concluded on cheese and stale tarts.*]

Ensign Luby. Send round the wine, Mr. President. I have just touched the cash to-day. Old dad has sent me a fifty, and I am determined to be comfortable.

President. Then I 'll send in your wine account to-morrow, my lad.

Ensign Luby. Ay, do, do—you 'll not find me like Mr. Trotter, who marched off yesterday without waiting for his.

Several. What! is Trotter off?

President. Yes: and in a very ungentlemanly way too. I knew he couldn't stand the follies he gave way to—out every night until three, and never sober.

Ensign Newly. I think, Mr. President, as I am a member of the same corps to which Trotter belongs, you have shown no great proof of taste in mentioning his name so disrespectfully before me.

President. Mr. Newly, I speak of Mr. Trotter as I think he deserves: he *may* be very honourable, but I think he outran his means, and thereby his honour also.

Several voices (*in confusion.*) Certainly, d—d dishonourable conduct.

Ensign Luby. Come, lads, hear me: I know Trotter a little; he is a good young fellow; but somewhat too free with his cash; he does not know how to keep it, when he gets it from home. I do not like to see disputes here,—God knows we have enough of them: last night we were all made unpleasant by two gentlemen contending that one's facings were handsomer than the other's, and the

day before we were thrown into confusion by an argument between two young gentlemen about superior rank and services—both not yet two months in the army. Come, I say—Trotter owes his wine-bill: and for the best of reasons—he had not money enough left to pay it out of seventy pounds sent by his father; because, you see, he played Hell and Tommy (as the phrase goes): so I 'll tell you what — I will *pay* it *myself*—ay, or any other friend's wine-bill; for, as I said before, I touched a *fifty* to-day.

President. If I am wrong, Gentlemen, I 'll appeal to the voice of the company.

All. No! no! It 's all right. Sit down—sit down.

Ensign Luby. Bring in the wine quicker, *you* Glundy—dy' hear, d—n ye!

Glundy. Yes, Sir. (*Servant runs out.*

Voice without. Yoix! there, my lads,—he—he—hip—yoix!—hark forward, my jolly dogs!—yo—io—io—io—io—hip!

(*Enter Ensign Buckskin.*

Ensign Buckskin. How are you, my hearty Cocks!—how are you?

All the Mess. How are you? How do, Buck? How do?

President. Where the devil have you been? eh!

Ensign Buckskin. Been! In bed, to be sure—just got up—swallowed a basin of soup and a small glass of brandy. I was squeamish all the day; but now I 'm to rights again. Waiter!—clean glass. Well, how are you, my boys?

(*Sits down.*

Ensign Newly. How are *you*, after your last night's work—eh?

Ensign Buckskin. Oh! by George, Sir, they have taken out a warrant against me.

Ensign Newly. For what?

Ensign Buckskin. For burning the old Constable's nose. Jackson and Jones are off by coach for Fort Monkton, and so have escaped: unfortunate Jack Buckskin, as usual, comes in for a "good thing." I shall be up before "his *Vorship*," as the "*Coves*" call him; but d—n his eyes, I don't care the rowel of an old spur about any infernal magistratical methodist in Winchester. Yoix! my lads! ye—he—hip—old Jack Buckskin against the d——l and all his *saints*.

[*An uproarious laugh from the company, which sets all the dogs in the house barking, and Buckskin gives a regular "view halloo," accompanied by several of the mess.*]

President. Well, tell us how the matter occurred. Didn't you knock the watchman down first?

Ensign Buckskin. Not at all. Just hear me: Jackson and Jones, and Bob Jennings, the young clergyman—you know Bob—great favourite of the Cathedral big-wigs:—well, they and I were going quietly home about three o'clock this morning, a little merry, and just strolled into the church-yard to give little Fanny Giggleton a good-night serenade: her bed-room window, you know, looks into the church-yard. So we began singing "*Rest thee babe*" in full chorus, and finished by roaring "*Jolly companions every one,*" when the watchman came over to us and told us to go home. Jennings the clergyman was nearest to him, and bade him to go to the d——l. Charley seized his Reverence, and his Reverence seized him. I went up to the old guardian, and warned him off: he took no notice; so I caught him by the back of his collar

with my left hand, and by the posterior portion of his *unspeakables* with my right: Jennings held one arm, Jackson another, Jones before us—so on we "*run*" him out of the church-yard and up the watch-house stairs:—The watch-house, you know, is the ancient theatre, and is over the butchers' shambles. Into it we bundled him — charged him before the night Constable with highly disorderly conduct, in disturbing gentlemen who were enjoying a song, and also with gross insolence. The Dogberry, of course, sided with the watchman. "What 's your name, Sir?" said he to me. "My name," said I, "is Old Trumpetson, from the Cape." He then began to write it down, "T. r. u. m. p. son, that's it,—Trumpetson,—now I have it. Well, Mr. Trumpetson, you are one of the officers of the garrison; I know where to find you in the morning; and you Mr. Jenkins also." My cane now happened to drop, and I took the candle off the table to look for it. The Constable stooped down also beside me—his red nose looked so tempting that I could not resist the joke—I bobbed the candle into his face; the light went out, and he roared lustily. All was now confusion: I seized

a lantern and rattle—Jackson, Jones, and Jenkins ran down stairs—I after them, first locking the door outside upon the pair within; which I did in an instant. There we left them, and I suppose they neither got light nor liberty, until some of their brethren came to open the door. I know I shall meet with no mercy from old Muddlehead, the magistrate: he hates the military—and me more than all the rest.

Ensign Luby. Did you really burn the fellow's nose?

Ensign Buckskin. Burn?—ay, that you may depend upon.

Lieut. Short. I saw him to-day in the barrack looking for the Commandant—his nose was in a small calico bag. [*a laugh.*]

Ensign Buckskin. Well, they may all go to the d——l in a bunch. I 'll pay the fellow for his nose.

Ensign Luby. Ay, Jack, my boy, and if you want money—see here! it is at your service.

[*pulls out a handful of notes.*

Ensign Buckskin. I don't know that I shall run short yet; however, lend me ten: [*takes a*

note out of Luby's hand] thank you—all right, Luby; I 'll pay you, my boy.

Ensign Luby. Don't mention it; I have this day received a remittance, as I said before, and any of my friends may share it as far as it will go. I have not been long in the army, but I know this—that good-fellowship is the soul of it.

Capt. Alder. I think you said this evening, that Trotter's *fault* was liberality.

Ensign Luby. Yes, yes—but liberality for ever! that I say.

[*A strong hiccup, together with certain rollings of the eye and screwings of the lips, now gave evidence of Mr. Luby's intellectual state.*

Capt. Alder. Well, gentlemen, I must be off. Will you go, Captain Bell?

Capt Bell. Yes.

Capt. Saunders. So will I.

[*The three Captains rise and withdraw.*

Ensign Luby. Let them go: what do we want with Captains here? we are all jolly subs. now; so Buckskin give us a song.

Ensign Simple. I—think—I 'll—go—too. [*rises.*

Ensign Luby. Ay, go and take your gruel.

Ensign Simple. I don't know why you talk of *gruel*, Mr. Luby. I wish to go to bed early, and to rise betimes in the morning to my drill:

"Early to bed and early to rise,
Make a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

Ensign Buckskin. Well, no preaching! good-night—say your prayers, and tie your night-cap well on.

[*Ensign Simple now retires sulkily, accompanied by a laugh from all the company.*

Ensign Luby. That fellow is fitter for the pro—pro—profession of a—hic—linendraper, than the the—hic—trade of a soldier. Come, I'll give you a song.

Ensign Buckskin. Bravo! song! song! Now I mean to *begin* the evening.

[*Ensign Luby sings "The glasses sparkle on the board," so completely out of tune that nobody knows what to make of it; the conclusion, however, is loudly applauded.*

Ensign Buckskin.—

"A very good song, and very well sung,

(*Chorus by all.*)

Jolly companions every one.

We only live life to enjoy—
We only live life to enjoy—

How happy 's the soldier who lives on his pay,
And spends half-a-crown out of six-pence a day.

We are the boys for mirth and glee—
We are the boys for jollity.
And so we fell a drinking,
So we fell a drinking,
Drinking, drinking,
So we fell a drinking.

We shan't go home till morning,
We shan't go home till morning,
We shan't go home till morning—
'Till daylight does appear."

Ye—he—hip! Yoix! hark forward! stole away! e-oic!—e-oic!—e-oic!—hoo—oo—oo—hip!

All the Mess. Bravo! bravo! bravo!

[*Just as the song concludes, a servant enters and approaches the table.*

Servant. Plase your honor, Gintlemin, the Major sinds his compliments to yiz, an' hopes that yiz won't make such an uproar; becaise the Major's lady, my misthress, has a great head-ache. I know, to my own knowledge, that she took physic this mornin', an' complained of a

gripin'. (*A roar of laughter.*) Oh, 'faith! I tell yiz no lies at all at all; for she 's as crass as two sticks to boot; which always shows she 's ill.

Ensign Buckskin. Ill-tempered you mean, Sir. Go along, and tell the Major that we shall *endeavour* to moderate our mirth; and, d' ye hear?—very sorry for the Major's lady. (*Exit Servant.*) What the d——l have ladies to do living in barracks, I say.

Ensign Luby. Right—hic—Barracks are only fit for single men—hic! Fire away, lads! who cares for the—hic—Major?

Ensign Newby. Or his wife either?

Ensign Buckskin. He 'll have us all to drill in the morning for this. So, my lads, let us drill *him* a little now. Song—song!

[*A tremendous noise is heard, something like the rolling of bricks or large stones down stairs.*

All the Mess. Eh! what 's that?

Ensign Buckskin. It 's the Major. He has fallen down stairs. (*A similar noise is heard nearer the door.*) Here he comes—now for a wigging. Don't laugh for a dukedom.

Voice (*without*). I 'll see who dared to serve me so—that I will.

[*The door opens, and Ensign Simple, half undressed, enters, pushing before him a small donkey. A roar of laughter greets the visitors.*

Ensign Simple. You may laugh, Gentlemen, but I am determined to have satisfaction for this disgraceful conduct. (*Another roar of laughter.*) It is no joke—it is a most disgraceful liberty to take with any one ; and I will not suffer it. I neither offend nor meddle with any body, and I expect nobody will meddle with me.

Lieut. Short. What, in the name of all that 's beautiful ! is the matter with you? Are you mad?

Ensign Simple. Mad ! No, Sir ; but I have been disgracefully treated. This donkey, Sir, has been brought up to my room, and tied fast in my bed, Sir ;—the whole of my apartment, Sir, has been dirtied and disfigured by the brute. (*Shouts of laughter.*) You are all concerned in this shameful trick. Why don't you play upon those who deserve it? I never make free with any of you.

Lieut. Short. Perhaps that's the reason they play tricks on you.

Ensign Simple. Then I am determined to put it down. I bore with former insults, but I will not with this. You took a leg of mutton and a pound of butter out of my cupboard last week, and put them between my sheets, along with the fender: this I took no notice of. But to put a creature like that into my bed, dirty as he is—I'll never bear with it. I'll write to my father to-morrow to come down and investigate the affair.

Ensign Buckskin. You must be a clever fellow, as well as a very presuming one, to fix the donkey-saddle on us. Who told you that *we* did it?

Ensign Simple. I know it was some of you, if not all.

Ensign Buckskin. Come, ask the gentleman himself who tied him in the bed; he knows more about it than you do, a great jackass as he is.

Ensign Luby. (*to the Donkey.*) Who tied you, Sir?—hic—eh?—He won't answer.

Ensign Simple. I see you are all leagued against me, because I don't squander my money amongst

you; but I 'll have satisfaction—that I 'm resolved on.

(*Ensign Luby, inattentive to the last observation, mounts the donkey and rides him round the mess-table, while Buckskin gives a tremendous view halloo! During the uproar, the Major-commanding enters with his servant, frothing at the mouth with passion.*

Major. Turn that donkey out directly. What *can* all this mean? Mr. Short, I am surprised that *you*, who have been a member of a *regimental* mess, should join in such disgraceful proceedings. Who brought this animal here?

Several Voices. Mr. Simple.

Major. Then, Mr. Simple, go to your room. Consider yourself in arrest.

Ensign Simple. I am not to blame, Major.

Major. Go to your room, Sir. I 'll not hear a word to-night; your conduct is disgraceful.

Ensign Simple. I am not the person.

Major. You brought the ass into the mess-room, Sir.

Ensign Simple. I found him in my bed, Sir, and covered with my bed-clothes: it is impossible

that I can sleep in my room to-night, from the horrid state in which the animal has left it.

(*The Major's ire could not bear up against this; he struggled against an involuntary laugh, and had nearly overcome it, when a certain motion of the animal, and a grotesque elevation of his tail put an end to all his efforts to be severe; so he gave way to a hearty fit of laughter, in which all but Simple joined.*

Major. Take the cursed brute away, you Sir. (*Pat the servant pulls the Donkey out of the room.*

Pat. He's a horrid headsthrong baste as ever I pult. (*Exeunt Pat and Donkey, followed by the mess-waiter.*

Major. I see how it is, Mr. Simple; there has been a trick played off at your expense. I am very sorry that folly should lead officers to such excesses, but I fear we can never remedy the evil. I am an old officer, gentlemen—I have been thirty years in the service, and as long as I can remember a depot-mess, it has been the same—all disjointed—one scene of disagreement constantly presents itself. A number of mere boys meet together,

unacquainted wholly with the rules and habits of a regiment,—uncontrolled by the friendly opinions and directions of their own superior officers, and they give way to every species of folly. I do believe that the practice of sending Ensigns to depots is most injurious to the service. A youth is sent from school to a depot, where there is not perhaps one officer of his own regiment: little or no attention is paid to his conduct; he is neither advised nor restrained, at a time when he most requires it; and the consequences are, that every folly, if not vice, assails him, and he joins his regiment with an impression which even that excellent school finds difficult to remove—his health impaired, and his pocket exhausted. Gentlemen, I am giving you a friend's opinion, and hope every one of you will use your exertions to check the follies which prevail but too much at this depot: and let me also assure you that the sooner you all join your respective regiments the better—each of you can use your private exertions to that effect, and I will use mine.

[*This address produced symptoms of sanity in the young officers; they in the most cordial*

manner thanked the Major, who shook hands with them all, and the party retired in the most unexpectedly peaceable disposition.

The above sketch is not at all exaggerated: it is outlined for the benefit of young officers; and also in the hope that it may meet the eye of those of their superiors who may have it in their power to remedy the defect.

RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE

LAST CAMPAIGN IN THE PENINSULA.

Halt ye not for food or slumber,
View not 'vantage, count not number;
Jolly reapers, forward still!
Grow the crop on vale or hill.
Thick or scattered, stiff or lithe,
It shall down before the scythe.
Forward with your sickles bright,
Reap the harvest of the fight.

SCOTT.

After four years of indefatigable exertions—doubt and disaster—success and glory—sickness and privation—hope and delight—the British army began to prepare for the promising campaign of

1813, under a chief whose military talents had riveted the confidence alike of his soldiers, as the citizens of that empire, for whose weal—for whose glory—for whose existence as a mistress of the world, he had shared in all the privations and sufferings of his troops, and was ready still to endure even to death, or crown his country's hopes with success in that mighty and awful strife which engaged her so long. The winter had passed, and the early spring of Portugal had brought to that country reinforcements, money, and equipments, the want of which had but too frequently impeded the success of our army in the Peninsula. Transports were continually floating up the sunny Tagus, with their red-cross flags waving from the masts—their decks covered with glittering accoutrements, and hearty soldiers: fresh detachments and fresh regiments were daily filing off the public squares of Lisbon, to join the grand army; while the eyes of the often disappointed Portuguese followed them with patriotic hope, and their hearts and tongues ejaculated wishes for their success. The road from Lisbon to Coimbra and

Vizeu, which had so often withered under the wasteful tread of war, now glistened with groups of laughing soldiers and brightening prospects; even the ruined towns of Condexia and Pumbal lost their appearance of despair, and assumed a faint aspect of hope—such as the dying feel from leech's promises. The inhabitants everywhere were kind, the season was propitious, and the soldiery seemed to have caught a spirit of confidence which reacted on the people; and if it did not entirely remove their doubts and fears, it tended considerably to advance their hopes of success, and to tranquillize their long-disturbed minds. The arrival of the Hussar brigade at Lisbon affected the Portuguese more than any of the other warlike preparations—it was a cordial to their feeble spirits. This brigade consisted of the 10th, 15th, and 18th Hussars; and certainly its appearance was sufficient to encourage them highly;—the genius of romantic chivalry never imagined a more warlike and beautiful body of horse—their perfect discipline—their splendid equipments—their health and spirits—the true British halo

which seemed to glisten around them—all conspired to elevate the Lisbonians almost to a certainty of success in the approaching campaign.

At no period of the war was there more cause for strong hope in the Portuguese than at this time: all the fortresses in their frontier-towns were in our possession—those provinces of Spain which were the favourites of Soult's army evacuated—Souchet just defeated by Sir John Murray in the South—and Buonaparte ably opposed by the Russians; but the Portuguese had been so often led astray by flattering prospects, that nothing short of entire success could wholly convince them that they were secure from the persecutions of the French.

On the 20th of April I found myself at Oporto, having marched from Coimbra for the purpose of joining the left, or third column of the army, under the command of Sir Thomas Graham; which was destined to enter Spain by *Tras os Montes*. This column consisted of the first, third, and fifth divisions, together with the first cavalry division. The second, or centre column, was under the immediate command of his Grace the Duke of Wel-

lington; and consisted, I believe, of the fourth, sixth, seventh, and light divisions: this was to advance to Salamanca. The first, or right column of the army, under the command of Lord Hill, was to proceed along the Tagus toward Toledo. Thus all the forces under the command of the Duke of Wellington were divided into three powerful columns; and so disposed as to be available at several points of attack.—A finer army—better officered and better equipped, from the massy ponton to the tent peg, never took the field; and none ever acquitted themselves there more creditably.

In sketching what I remember of this memorable campaign, it cannot be expected that I should display the pen of the historian; if I did so, I must of necessity draw from other sources than my own observation and the narratives of my brother-soldiers: but to this I do not pretend; what I *recollect to have witnessed*, or have been told by eye-witnesses, is all I offer to my readers:—an individual on a campaign, as a narrator of what occurred before him, ought not—could not consistently, do more: this I will attempt, so far as I

conceive the matter may be interesting; I will describe my humble share in the glories of the army, and note those things only which, in my progress with it, appeared to me not unworthy of remark: I will do so with truth; and if I omit occasionally the notice of some particulars of interest, familiar to the memory of some who served with me, it can only be from want of more acute recollection. I have no doubt forgotten many a town, and wood, and valley, and blue mountain, which lay on my way, and many a circumstance also; however, enough remains to afford my mind a vivid picture of that eventful march,—to me, highly interesting and delightful, notwithstanding the fatigues which frequently attended it; and I trust that what I do remember of it will not be uninteresting to my readers.

I will mention an incident which happened to me when I arrived at Oporto; and the motive I have in touching on so trifling an occurrence is, that an opinion as to the French influence in Portugal, even at that promising time, may be in some measure drawn from it. I arrived at Oporto about five o'clock in the evening, and received a

billet upon a respectable house for myself, my servant, and two horses. The master of this house was a rich lawyer; and although I learnt that quarters were very indifferent in the town, yet the appearance of the house inspired me with the hope that I should be enabled to make a better report on this subject, as far as regarded myself.

The outward gates of the house were open, and I walked up a wide staircase: having knocked at a large door, I was admitted by a cross-looking woman, who in answer to my question of whether the gentleman of the house was at home, replied, with a shrug of the shoulders, "*Nao esta in caza*" (not within). I explained the nature of my visit, producing the paper which authorised it; and immediately the countenance of the dame wore the most vinegar aspect: "*Nao esta quartelia, Senhor, nada, nada, nada*" (no room, none, none.) This I knew must be false, from the size of the house, as well as from my knowledge of the disposition of many of the Portuguese to shift off the trouble of accommodating English officers. However, I was determined to act only through the authorities; for

the Commander of the forces was very scrupulous upon this point, and justly so; for many officers during former campaigns had acted rather despotically in their quarters, and occasioned reports of such a nature as to call forth a general order upon the subject, the effects of which were sorely felt by those officers whose conduct was peaceable and conciliating. Consistent with the spirit of this order, I left the old Donna, telling my servant he was to remain, and returned to the Portuguese authorities, who gave me the billet. On describing my reception, one of them burst out into exclamations of rage, declaring that the person on whom I was billeted was a liar and a favourer of the French. "He had room enough in his house for *four* French officers," said he; "and if he does not find accommodation for you, Sir, in every way befitting a British officer, I will send him a dozen of Portuguese soldiers." He then wrote a note to the lawyer, and requested me to take no excuse from him, but to order my servant to carry my luggage at once into the house. I pursued the directions given,—ordered my boy to unload and place my panniers, &c. in the house, and proceeded up

stairs myself. The door was opened, and without ceremony I walked into the principal room of the house, where I discovered the lawyer in a fever of anxiety. He was a little smoke-dried man, of about fifty years of age, dressed in a spotted *robe de chambre*, and powdered in the highest style of professional ultraism. His fever increased to a paroxysm when he saw me in the heart of the garrison, for he never expected such a surprise; he reiterated the words of the old woman with a grin, (which he thought was a smile)—an attempt at polite denial—a widening of the mouth into a sort of imitation-smile, in which his little eyes took no part; in them could be seen the splenetic rage which would have burnt me into a cinder, if it had possessed the power. He declared that he could not accommodate me, nor any other officer; and had I been weak enough to parley with him civilly on the subject, his presumption would have increased more rapidly than it did; but I coolly threw myself down upon his splendid sofa, and desired him to read the note which I brought from the magistrates. He read it, and after a pause and a protracted shrug of the shoulders,

muttered something of the great inconvenience he should be put to by having an officer billeted on him; but that he supposed he must put up with it; and begged that I would walk down to a room which he had below. I followed him; and after a tedious hour's search for keys, he succeeded in opening an apartment, into which I followed him. Here, he said, he would put a bed on the floor,—the only bed he had; and that he would also send down two chairs and a table; hinting, at the same time, that Lord Wellington's orders were that no other furniture was in any case to be supplied, except by the voluntary act of those on whom officers were quartered. An adequate idea of the apartment it is scarcely possible to give: it had been a sort of lumber-room, I suppose, for some centuries back—covered with cobwebs—damp, dirty, and dark—not an atom of any kind of moveable;—on the ground floor, too! and, contrasted with the superior accommodation given to officers by the Portuguese generally, it had the effect of exciting my indignation against the little lawyer to such a degree, that had it not been for the respect I bore for the orders of Lord Welling-

ton, I believe I should have punished the insolent old rogue on the spot, by the application of my whip to his parchment skin. I paused a little; then took the key out of the door; and, nodding ironically to my *patrao*, I said, "*esta bon*,"—"it will do very well." I then went out, and ordered my servant to lead in both the horses:—there was scarcely a stable to be got in Oporto for love or money; and the thought struck me, that I could not only provide myself with a tolerable substitute for such accommodation, but punish the little hater of the English as he deserved.

The horses were brought into the apartment forthwith, to the astonishment, confusion, and intense mortification of the lawyer. Neither my servant nor myself could refrain from laughter at the picture. The little gentleman's hands clasped in the fervency of his raging astonishment; his frame trembling with passion,—the old dame exclaiming loudly at the door, "Ai! Jesus, Maria, Joze!" and the animals (as all horses will after a journey,) relieving themselves by those actions, which in a parlour may seem out of place and highly laughable, but in a stable "quite correct."

The scene can only be imagined perfectly by those who saw it. The lawyer now lost all patience, and gave way to the most violent and unbounded rage. He called me "heretic Englishman," and openly proclaimed his hatred of Great Britain and love of France; he stamped, raved, and ejaculated; but I coolly told him to walk out, or that I would lock him in with the horses, as I could not remain longer in my *stable*. He obeyed with a scowl and a curse; while I thanked him in the most *polite* manner for the accommodation his house had afforded me, and went back to the magistrates, to whom I related the affair. Their enjoyment of the joke was little less than mine; they advised me to keep the room as a stable while I remained at Oporto (which I did), and gave me another billet for myself, upon a house opposite to the lawyer's, where I received the most hospitable attention for the few days I remained in the town; and had the pleasure of nodding at old *parchment* every morning as he went out of his house; which *civility* he never thought proper to notice, except by a frown, peculiar to his Jacobinical countenance.

As nearly as I can recollect, it was on the twenty-third of May, that our column commenced its march from its cantonments. Illness, brought on by overheating myself in an excursion of pleasure up the Douro, prevented me from marching on the appointed day. By the desire of the medical officer, I remained behind—having been bled but more than one day I would not stay, and although still unwell, persisted in my intention of moving, and mounted for the road.

The weather was very hot when I set out; and having been advised by the surgeon not to fatigue myself, if possible, on the march, until I had perfectly recovered, I pursued my route at one day's march behind the army, without attempting to gain on it; but had I been in perfect health, I could not have overtaken it, for my baggage horse could not have travelled more than about fifteen or twenty miles a day—the average distance of each march of the army; and this is quite enough, considering the wretched roads over which the animals had to go, together with the great heat of the climate.

I proceeded in the track of the army, by *Ama-*

rante, *Villa Real*, *Mirandella*, and *Oiteiro* the frontier town, without beholding a military uniform, and just as if I had been travelling for amusement. The inhabitants of the considerable towns were hospitable and cheerful: from all of those to whom I spoke, I heard the highest encomiums on the army which had but the day before delighted them with its grand appearance. The villages in the province of *Tras os Montes* presented but little of the power or of the will to afford hospitality to the stranger; many of the houses were shut up and deserted, while those which were inhabited were stripped of almost every accommodation. This arose from the fear which the poor of that province entertained of a passing army, whether friends or foes—they had retired on the approach of ours, as they were often in the habit of doing from the French, and had not returned when I passed. As a proof of the feelings they entertained for the safety of their provisions, &c., I will mention a circumstance in which I was concerned. I had taken possession of a cottage, in a miserable village, between Villa Real and Mirandella; it was inhabited by an old woman, her married daughter, and two little boys:

they received me with great civility. I, as usual on the march, enquired whether any sort of provisions in the village could be purchased; and was told that I could not—all was gone—they had been destroyed by the French. I asked if I could not find a fowl, or a few eggs? No, all was gone; —"*nada, nada, nada.*" I therefore ordered my servant to prepare some chocolate and cold beef, on which I was about to sit down to dine, when I heard a cock crow as if under ground:—the countenances of my hostess and her daughter changed. "Very odd!" thought I:—the cock crowed again:—the greatest confusion was evident in the old woman's face—she bustled about—threw down a stool—slapped the door, and made every kind of noise possible; but the cock crowed a third time; when my servant, who was a droll Portuguese, without further ceremony addressed the old woman, pointing at the same time to a huge old chest which stood on one side of the room, "*La esta o gallo, Senhora,*" (there is the cock) said he; and then removed a small chest from the top of the large one —opened the lid; when out flew the tell-tale bird, followed by seven of his hens, delighted, no doubt,

as much with his release as their mistress was mortified. I, however, relieved the old lady's embarrassment, by putting a couple of *crucadas novas* (about four and sixpence) upon the table: the sight of the money settled the business, and she, without hesitation, gave me two of her prisoners—fine fat hens—assuring me that she had lost many by the soldiers; and fearing another loss from me, she had determined to pack up her poultry in the chest: many had bought fowls from her before, but forgot to pay for them. I passed a pleasant evening and night at this poor cottage, and the whole family gave us a loud "*Viva os Inglezas!*" at parting next morning.

The country through which I passed was highly picturesque—it was beautiful to look at, but most tiresome to travel over: in general the roads are more like craggy beds of rivers than passages constructed for communication and the benefits of commerce. I remember that the very morning I left the old woman's cot, it was no more than eight o'clock when I came in sight of the town at which I was to halt. I was on the top of a mountain: beneath me was a river, winding through a fertile

valley, on the opposite side of which stood another mountain, apparently not a mile from me; and at the base of the latter was the town, the bells of which I could hear ringing; yet it was five o'clock in the afternoon before I entered it, although I never halted—so intricate and difficult was the winding and steep road I had to pass over. Having mentioned this, I am reminded of a circumstance that occurred as soon as I entered the town, which gave a melancholy proof of the besotted slavery in which the minds of the Portuguese peasantry are held by their clergy. An alarm had been given; the bells were all set in furious motion; every body was running through the streets towards one place. I left my servant with the horses, and proceeded along with the scattered crowd. Every face was woe-begone—as though some dire calamity, such as fire or earthquake, had occurred. The numbers of the people increased as I advanced. We arrived at the principal church: I pushed my way into it, and there the most piteous lamentations assailed my ears. The church was filled with people—all on their knees; tears were streaming down the old people's cheeks, and the crowd beating their

breasts in sorrow. The cause of this mourning was *not* an earthquake, though it *was* a conflagration. However, it was neither the church nor the priest that was burnt; but the doll-dressed figure of the Virgin Mary, which had caught fire from the carelessness of the church-clerk, in allowing a lighted candle that he held to touch her holy petticoat!—the satin had blazed; but the flames were soon extinguished, and the damage done was happily confined to the melting of one of her ladyship's wax fingers, scorching her left cheek, discolouring several tinsel ornaments, and seriously injuring the outer-petticoat. For this the town was thrown into confusion, and the streams of its grief let forth! What crowned the farce, was a young, ignorant-looking priest haranguing the mob upon the calamity; pointing with apparent intensity of sorrow at the burnt hand; kissing it and imploring his dupes to join him in his grief; no doubt with a view that they should join him afterwards in raising funds for *re-dressing* the Virgin. Such is the deplorable ignorance of the people of a fine country! Yet there is a strong party in Europe, who seek to shut out from them the glorious rays

of a liberal constitution, and therefore every chance of enlightenment! But, thank Heaven! there are others who will spread the light amongst them:—the torch of British Liberty now burns over their heads; and they keep their eyes on it, in spite of the "holy" and hateful fogs that are ever rising around them.

I entered Spain from Oitero. In crossing from the one country to the other a thin wood intervenes, and for six or seven miles through it, neither house nor hut is to be seen: it is level ground, and covered with brush-wood. A few goats and their herdsman were all the living things I saw while crossing it: not a bird flew over me.

At the first village which I entered in Spain, I met with some British soldiers (detached) with a commissariat officer, who informed me that the centre column of the main army had entered Salamanca, headed by Lord Wellington, and that the French were retreating everywhere, without making any opposition. Next day I pushed on in hopes of overtaking the troops belonging to my division, and now the country forming a fine level, I was enabled to increase my speed. At length I

could descry the wide and sweeping track of the advancing armies—in the abstract, melancholy to contemplate! The country was chiefly covered with a luxuriant crop of corn, over which the immense column of the army passed, with its baggage, artillery, and cattle:—the traces of the cavalry—of the infantry—and of the cannon, could be distinctly and plainly distinguished from each other; and although their road was through the high and firm corn, the pressure upon it was so great that nothing but clay could be seen, except at the verges of the tracks, where the broken and trampled wheat was less over-trodden. Then there was as much cut down for forage as destroyed by feet; the mark of the rough sickle of the commissaries, the dragoons, and the muleteers, were in patches all around, disfiguring the beautiful waving ocean of yellowing corn—*ocean* indeed—nothing can give so just an idea of its expansion: the corn in that country, does not grow in fields enclosed like our English, but over the whole face of the land, making one wide plain of vegetation, sprinkled at various distances with little villages, which look like heaps of red tiles

to the distant eye of the observer: I have counted not less than twenty-two villages within one circular view. Such was the country, nearly all the way to Palencia.

On the third day after I entered Spain, I overtook the rear of the column—I think it was the fourth division—and continued to march with it. Here I had an opportunity of seeing the Portuguese troops in a large body; and they afforded me subject for delightful reflection. I could not help thinking what different beings they appeared, and under what different circumstances they were placed, from their state and prospects about three years before, when I first saw them in the field, a short time after the battle of Busaco: *then* a more wretched-looking set of creatures never were beheld—the predatory Arabs were not worse clothed, worse disciplined, or worse fed; there was neither uniformity in dress, nor equipment for comfort—threatened by a rapacious enemy, then in the heart of their hapless country—harassed by partial defeat—their only hope resting on their handful of gallant defenders, the British soldiers:—how different did they appear *now!*—orderly,

cheerful, healthy, well disciplined, well armed; their polished accoutrements glistening in the sun; their utensils for comfort all neatly packed upon their backs; tents on their mules; provisions with their commissary: not shut up in a niche of their plundered country, menaced and insulted, but proudly marching towards the heart of Spain—of France (as it turned out)—their hated invaders in their turn flying before their regenerated ranks; the British by their side, and leading them on after the bloody and successful struggles of three years. Oh! it was a sight that could not be seen and reflected upon, without a bounding of the heart! And their cheers, as their clean blue columns passed through the Spanish towns, spoke to the slave's breast, a magic tongue. Proud indeed may those feel, whose indefatigable exertions brought the soldiers of Portugal to the pitch of perfection in which they then were, and grateful may be that nation to protecting England for those mighty services. "Liberty!" was the cry through the ranks, and "Liberty!" was the cry from the crowd, as they passed through the towns of Portugal and Spain. Their songs were embued with their sentiments of pa-

triotism; and they sung them often as they went: their musicians cheered and nourished this feeling, and their national air "*Vencer ou morir*,"* as sung by a number of them, when they encamped on the frontier of France, with the French in their front, preparing for battle, was, from its patriotic sentiments and martial yet melancholy music, one of the most soul-stirring anthems that ever flowed from the patriot's heart:—PORTOGALLO, the composer of it, may fairly claim a portion of the laurels which were gained by his countrymen in every action fought after it became popular. I have heard it boldly played in the teeth of the enemy by the Portuguese bands; and I marked the countenances of the listeners with delight: it made all Portuguese hearts pant for the fight, and swell with revenge for the injuries of their trampled country; and as the voices joined the music, "*Vencer ou morir*" was not sung without *meaning*.

I have written English words to the air, and perhaps they may not be unacceptable here:—

* Conquer or die.

PORTUGUESE NATIONAL SONG.

I.

The tyrant smote our country—
Arise ! arise ! revenge the blow :
His ranks are there—prepare—prepare
To meet the hated foe.
Oh ! blessed sun of Freedom,
O'er the fight shine high, shine high !
For we 'll conquer—we 'll conquer—
We 'll conquer—or we 'll die.

II.

Pure blood our fathers gave us,
And pure still through our veins it runs ;
Far better lose the last drop here,
Than taint it for our sons.
Oh ! spirits of our heroes,
In the fight be nigh, be nigh !
For we 'll conquer—we 'll conquer—
We 'll conquer—or we 'll die.

III.

The axe will strike the oak down,
The lightning will the tower lay low ;
But nations smote by tyranny,
Grow stronger every blow.
Revenge, revenge in the battle,
To the heart and sword be nigh !—
Oh ! we 'll conquer—we 'll conquer—
We 'll conquer—or we 'll die.

The power of music combined with poetry, seems more gigantic when applied to the struggles of a people for liberty—or in other words—to exalt the passion of patriotism, than any other emotion of the heart; perhaps, because the passion *itself* is more susceptible of excitement than others. The songs of every nation speak more strongly the character of the particular people to which they belong, than any thing that can be written by the pen of the commentator or the historian. It was a great statesman who said "Give me but the power to write the songs of a nation, and I will govern them;" an observation in my mind, of no less strength than truth. The war-songs of every people are part of their arsenal; and by no means the least in power. The Scotch pipes have done nearly as much as the claymore. An instance of this occurred with the late gallant Colonel Cameron of the 42d. The piper was detached from the corps by the order of the General at an engagement in Holland—the men went into action without him;—they charged, and were repulsed. The General, on the evening of the same day, said to the Colonel, "Don't boast of your 42d again."

To this censure Colonel Cameron replied, "General, *you* are to blame—you took our arms from us." — "How?" — "You took the pipes from us: let us have *them*, and we'll prove the 42d worthy of the highest boast." This was done; the regiment had an opportunity next day of charging with the pipes behind them, and they covered themselves with glory. The Irish too, at the storming of Badajos, carried the breach to the tune of "*Garryowen*," played by their own band under the most destructive fire. The power of national song was so feared by Buonaparte, that he forbade the Swiss air "*Le Ranz des Vaches*" in his army, lest the natives of that country should desert. It was stated in the French National Assembly that the Marseillois Hymn brought a million of recruits to the army; and certainly it might be said that Dibdin's songs did more for the British navy than the whole of the *press*-gang. The anthem of "*God save the King*" every body values, yet none have said, (although I believe it to be truth) that it is a strong bulwark of the throne—that it throws a sublimity—a grandeur—a general respect around royalty; excites the warmest sentiments of devotion, and

secures unconscious attachment. The national hymn of Portugal is strongly expressive of that mixture of melancholy and martial boldness of sound which inspires the hearer to meditate revenge for injuries done; and, as the Spaniards suffered in a similar way to the Portuguese, *their* national song carries with it a sentiment precisely similar to that of Portugal. This song was not composed during the days of Ferdinand, but while the nation was struggling, in concert with the British, for liberty; and every Guerilla sung it—every peasant sung it—every child sung it. Its title is, "*A la Guerra Espaniolas;*" the Spanish words of it are simple, but strong; and the music, like the national air of the Portuguese, is truly beautiful. The following are English words, written for it among the mountains of Biscay; and to those of my readers who know the air, perhaps they will be acceptable.

THE SPANISH NATIONAL SONG.

I.

The curse of Slavery 's o'er us,
And suffering Freedom weeps;
No hope—no hope 's before us
While Spain's bright spirit sleeps.

But if her slumbers lighten,
Then Freedom's glance will brighten,
And lips shall cease to sigh, and hearts to pain.
So let us smite
The drum of fight;
She 'll wake and rise again.
To the war—to the war, ye Spaniards!
The hour is nigh,
To break your chain;
Your rights to gain.
Live free—live free,—or die!

II.

In death our sons are sleeping
Our homes in ruin laid;
Our daughters o'er them weeping,
Alone—forlorn—betrayed!
In vain is Britain's bravery,
To rid you of your slavery;
In vain her heroes bleed—her arms resound,
Unless the fire
Of Freedom's ire
Burn every heart around.
To the war—to the war, ye Spaniards!
The hour is nigh
To break your chain;
Your rights to gain.
Live free—live free,—or die!

—But enough of music: let us now march on without it.

I proceeded with the fourth division, and ar-

rived after two marches, at the high banks of the Esla: there it was that I beheld the concentrated army—at least the greatest part of it. Some of the troops had passed the river and "opened the ball" with the enemy on the opposite bank: their rear guard had a brisk engagement with our advanced cavalry, and the 10th Hussars had the honour to draw the first blood of the campaign —they "*astonished*" the French Dragoons not a little. After this brush the enemy continued their retreat rapidly, in the direction of Burgos.

The crossing of the Esla by the army, as I beheld it, was one of the most impressive, magnificent, and beautiful sights that was ever presented: I will describe it briefly, from my memory, upon which it is indelibly delineated.

The river Esla, at the point where the army crossed, is in breadth equal to the Thames at Richmond or Windsor; high banks—or rather hills—rise abruptly on either side, for the most part covered with short trees and underwood: the approaches to the river are by even pathways winding down each side of it. When standing on that bank where first I saw the river, the water

appeared to be about three hundred yards below me, and its course bending so as to exclude a farther view of it than the segment of a circle of about a mile in length. On my left, where the river began to appear, and where the hill on which I stood pushed itself forward and terminated in an overhanging rock, the ponton was placed—immense boats at regular distances, and well planked, so as to form a passage of about twenty feet in breadth, railed on each side compactly: so admirable a bridge it was, that one would suppose it to have been a permanent rather than a temporary erection, which could be at a moment removed and carried wherever the army went. Over this passed the troops, with the exception of some cavalry who forded at another part, and five of whom (Germans) were swept away by the current in crossing. An idea may be formed of the vast quantity of soldiers, muleteers, women, horses, mules, artillery stores, equipage, and baggage, which covered the hills near the ponton, when I say, that I was from ten o'clock in the morning until five in the afternoon, before it came to my turn to pass the water; and all this time the bridge

was filled with columns of men. We who waited for our turn, sat on the hill under the trees, eating cold beef and biscuit, chatting, and admiring the splendid scene. The day was as bright as the sun; a general hilarity spread over every countenance; the Spanish and Portuguese muleteers cracked their loud jokes with the soldiers—laughed and sung—ate their rations, and toasted their friends in grog. To add still more interest to the scene, many elegant English ladies—wives of the officers—were to be seen upon the rock which overhung the river, with their gay parasols and waving feathers, while immediately below was the bridge with its moving mass—horse—foot—artillery—baggage—and followers:—a little above this, and still beneath the ladies, were groups of bullocks swimming across the river, and with difficulty gaining the opposite bank, owing to the power of the current; while others were climbing the opposite hills, refreshed and relieved from the dust of their day's travel, by the cool water from which they had just emerged. The distant and lessening line of troops as it winded upwards to the plain above, and broke into several divisions to take up ground

for the night, added an admirable perspective background to the picture. Then arose the hum of the crowd—the loud command—the laugh—the mingling of different languages—the lowing of oxen—the neighing of horses, and the braying of the less noble animals—the clear sky—the bright sun—the crystal river, overhung and darkened in the distance by bold rocks, on which the wondering goatherd lay as his goats carelessly browsed—it was a scene never to be forgotten. Every soldier saw at a glance the collective strength of the great military machine of which he formed a part—all beneath his eye, as it were in a theatre: this heightened the glow of pride within him, and elevated his spirit with the buoyancy of glorious hope—all was cheerfulness, and the army looked more like conquerors, than men about to enter into a bloody and doubtful contest. I spent seven hours in admiring, and then crossed in my turn the ponton; took up my quarters for the night, with my horses, under a shed; and slept as soundly as the Prince who was cast into a seven years' sleep by a fairy.

The morning was only opening her eyes, when

the drum beat and we turned out: the fires of the night were expiring; around many of which groups of soldiers were assembled, packing up their knapsacks and fixing their accoutrements. The moving to and fro of military figures, all over the level ground, before me—the tingling of the mules' bells—the drums at various distances—the early birds chirping—the horses champing their barley—the men biting their biscuit—the increasing hum and the coming daylight—by degrees, dissipated the heaviness which naturally succeeded to a short *field* sleep, and the cheerfulness of the preceding day was restored throughout.—The column was in motion; and the field, where thousands crowded, was, in a few minutes, as naked and silent as a desert.

At this ground we had expected a desperate fight; but with the exception of a brush with our Hussars, the enemy showed no wish to trouble us. The soldiers now became still more elevated with a confidence in success; and the wishful cry which every where along the march had resounded in their ears, from the inhabitants, "*Vamus a Francia!*"—"(*Away to France!*) was considered as

about to be realized; yet most of the army expected that we should first have a desperate struggle at the Ebro.

We marched by Aguilar to Palencia; our light cavalry by Zamora and Toro: the right and centre columns of the army, with Lord Wellington, passed through Salamanca to Valladolid—the whole directing their march to Burgos. At Palencia I first saw the ponton boats in their carriages: they were drawn by oxen; each boat had a carriage to itself, and each carriage was drawn by from twelve to sixteen. The boats were reversed—or bottom uppermost—and seated on them were the pontoneers, dressed in naval uniform; these were men specially employed to launch the boats, form the bridge, and, in short, to conduct that service through all its branches. I had but a faint idea of the extreme ponderosity of warlike machinery until I beheld these boats upon their carriages: the battering rams of the Romans were go-carts compared with the ponton train on the march: the Spaniards, as they passed, threw up their eyes in an ecstasy of admiration at the sight of them, and cheered loudly while they were in view.

Over those boats were to pass to France, which they feared and hated, the invading and delivering armies—over them the cannon that was to thunder their victory:—this thought was enough to make them cheer, and their "*vivas!*" were well answered by the troops that followed.

I remained at Palencia until the evening of the day on which the pontons passed through it; and there I accidentally met with a young officer, whose subsequent greatness I little thought then depended so on the success of our campaign, as it afterwards turned out. This officer was Captain De Grammont, then of the 10th Hussars, but now his Grace the Duc de Guiche. He is a part of the royal family of France, aid-de-camp to the Duke d'Angoulême, and high in favour at the Tuilleries. When I saw him at Palencia, he appeared one of the finest models of a young Hussar chief I ever beheld: he wore his beard, which curled upon his chin; his regimentals were sufficiently field-rubbed to have lost that *very* bright gloss which distinguished them on the parade at home; and there was a melancholy cast about his countenance and manner, which, from being mixed

with the most affable address, made a strong impression upon me—particularly when I learnt his true situation. He was engaged against his countrymen—but for his country's rights; and he had only a day or two before met them in the charge. It was *his* troop that spilled the first French blood of that campaign, and it was *his* subaltern who gave the first wound. He described the charge to me: it was thus:—The French having crossed the Esla, a strong guard covered their retreat, and the 10th Hussars attacked their rear, which was defended by light dragoons. In advancing to the charge, the Subaltern of Captain De Grammont, Cornet Fitzgerald—a lad of only sixteen years of age—happened to have been somewhat in advance of the troop, owing to the mettle of his horse: the Cornet's servant rode beside him in the ranks, and determined to protect his master. The French dragoons came on gallantly; their swords were nearly as long again as those of our Hussars; and a ferocious looking Sergeant was coming at full gallop—right in front of the Cornet: in vain was the young officer called on to pull in his horse—on he went, his servant closing up to him in order to avert the steel of the opponent: a moment more

and the long straight sword of the French dragoon would have been cased in the youth's breast; for the servant's horse could not head his master's. The Captain expected to see him fall; but just as the point of the weapon approached, the cornet grasped his pistol—fired—and down the dragoon tumbled from his saddle! This was but an instant before the remainder of the hussars were mixed with their opponents; and in a few minutes more, they were pursuing them as fugitives, killing, wounding, and taking many of them. I remembered having seen this heroic youth at Lisbon, when the regiment landed there: he was a mere stripling, with light hair, and rosy cheeks—anything but the man destined to kill the first Frenchman on the campaign; and I still more admired him when I heard that he was a son of the celebrated Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and cousin to the present Duke of Leinster. I met Captain De Grammont afterwards, at the close of the campaign, and he assured me joyfully, that he had had the pleasure, the day before, of looking from the Pyrenees, while on piquet, at the lawful estates of his family; and only a very few months after this, I had the gratification of seeing him enter the town of Bor-

deaux as a Duke, and on the staff of his lawful Prince, the Duke d'Angoulême. This officer, although born in France, is in language and manners a perfect English gentleman, from having been since his infancy in England. He received his commission in the 10th Hussars when very young, and remained in the regiment until the restoration of the Bourbons. Should we yet go to war with France, I should be sorry to see the gallant soldier arrayed against us, and I am sure it would be no pleasurable office to himself.

We moved on the left of Burgos, which city the French, contrary to our expectation, had not shut up, but quickly abandoned at the approach of the British. I slept in the house of an intelligent peasant, about two miles from the fortress, and of course the war was the subject of our chat. I found the man very communicative: he had the fullest hope of our success, and gave it as his opinion, that the French would *not* stand at the Ebro. He talked of the time when the British were before on his ground; and showed me in his fields some of their bones—bleached white and dry: he informed me that a great number of our

army perished there. This man, from his apparent acquaintance with the events of the war in Spain, I have no doubt had taken an active part in it—perhaps on the French side; for if it had been on the other, he most probably would not have made it a secret in our conversation; however, many of the Spaniards sided with the strongest party, and now that the British held the sway, this peasant was their warmest well-wisher.

We proceeded through Villa Diego towards the Ebro, and came in sight of that river from the plain—or high table land—over which I had been travelling ever since I had left Portugal. The advanced troops had passed the river that morning without opposition, for the French had continued their retreat. The view of the valley—or rather amphitheatre—at the bottom of which the Ebro runs, astonished me by its beauty: for several days I had been accustomed to little variation of scenery—all level country; and now the bosom of luxuriant and romantic nature suddenly presented itself to my sight, as if it were done by magic. Half a dozen steps brought me from a view of mere sky and corn plains, to a scene of the most splendidly

varied character—a deep valley, or rather hollow, of about ten miles in circumference, surrounded by woody mountains, except at that part directly facing me. This part opened, and there the eye might travel over blue hills, until the more distant could not be distinguished from the light clouds of the horizon. In this circular valley, every variation of rural beauty was to be seen—cultivated fields—luxuriant foliage—bubbling streams—winding paths—villas, and farm-houses. At the bottom ran the Ebro,—in this place a river of no great breadth; and here the main body of the liberating army had crossed a few hours before me.

The line of march now lay along a small branch of a river, which watered the foot of high and bold rocks, shelved and wooded in the most picturesque manner; trees, rooted over trees, hung out in grotesque attitudes, or dipped downwards, as if seeking the black and clear water beneath—thick moss, streaming underwood, wild flowers, and massy trunks, mingled to beautify the first day's march after we crossed the Ebro:—this repaid me amply for the toil of the preceding days.

I remained an hour behind the division, to re-

fresh my horses—they having been nearly knocked up; and it was at this place I perceived the first effects of fatigue in some of the soldiers. The army had, for the preceding march, pressed onwards more rapidly than before, and the weather had become very hot; several men, therefore, lagged behind, and I met eight or ten of them sitting by the side of the river—some only severely blistered on the feet from walking, but others extremely ill. There was no depôt nearer than Valladolid—about ninety miles distant; for the army's advance was so rapid and so unexpected, that no time could be allowed for considerations of this kind; and the soldiers, if left behind, would have fared but miserably indeed—particularly those who were ill there. I, without hesitation, laid an embargo upon a sort of cart, which was drawn by two horses, and which happened, fortunately, to be near; in this vehicle I directed the men to place themselves and their kits, which they had unbuckled from their backs, and dispatched them to continue their march. I also desired the men not to permit the carter to return until they overtook their division. "All is fair in war," says the un-

amiable adage: it was a hard case for the Castilian carter, but for the poor disabled soldiers it would have been a still harder; and I thought I could not do better, under the circumstances, than to oblige the peasant, who seemed well-fed and hearty, to do "the state some service," whether he was so disposed or not.

Our march was now ten times more a march of pleasure than it had been before we crossed the Ebro, although it did not long hold that character: there was soon something for the army to do besides to admire the scenery, sing songs, and smoke cigars. Each day's march was concluded about twelve or one o'clock, and the men encamped or bivouacked usually on some open glade, near or in a small wood; or perhaps in a valley by a river: here they unbent from the toils of the morning, and escaped the meridian heat of the sun, within their tents, or beneath the thick foliage with which nature so profusely stocked the country. A considerable distance right and left of the road, where the army encamped each day, was changed from the silence in which it had so long dwelt, to the hum and bustle of a populated city. The first thing done,

on arriving at the ground for encampment, was to cook:—rations were served out; wood, water, and fire, made ready: and while the meat was boiling—or *broiling*, more frequently, upon a wooden spit—the men would sit together in groups on the grass, and chat. After dinner, they employed themselves for a short time in washing both themselves and their linen in the neighbouring streams—cleaning their arms, clothes, &c., and then a pipe and a cup of grog prepared the way for a sweet and sound sleep on the turf.

A description of the manner in which I have seen bullocks slaughtered on the march, may not be uninteresting. We had our own butchers,—men from the ranks; but, in general, the oxen were slaughtered by Spaniards or Portuguese: and, in my mind, their mode of depriving a bullock of life is by far the most expeditious; it certainly gives little, if any, torture to the animal. They, having tied a noose about the horns of the beast, drew the end of it round a tree, and secured the head close to it; then instantly pushed a sharp-pointed knife down between the back of the skull and the first vertebræ of the neck: this was no

sooner done than the animal was dead: the veins of the neck were then opened, and the blood flowed.

In the division with which I marched, the Spanish butcher adopted a singular mode of securing the bullock destined for slaughter; he had trained a huge mastiff to be his assistant, and thus they operated:—the butcher held his dog by a chain, and having let loose one of the drove of oxen, took the chain off the mastiff, and gave him the word; the dog ran instantly to the bullock; seized him by the nose in his teeth; and, without the least noise, held him forcibly down: the butcher then plunged the knife in, and the animal rolled lifeless. All this was done in less than half a minute. The first place at which I witnessed this dog at his calling, was at Villa Diego; and no sooner were the veins of the neck opened, than several Spanish old women, with pans in their hands, squabbled about catching the blood: the greatest vixen succeeded in obtaining it; and I learnt that it was to be used as food for her family. It is said that the poor of Connaught eat the blood of oxen; if so, may not the practice have been brought over by

the Spaniards, from whom the inhabitants of that province claim extraction?

We were now in a mountainous country, and consequently the army, which had been all united on the march after crossing the Esla, was obliged to separate, and move by various roads to one point. In a day or two we found that the French were about to give up their running, and try their fortune by a stand. We were halted on the 20th of June, about four or five miles from Vittoria, and our columns closed in from various directions: we were told by several peasants that the French, under the command of Joseph Buonaparte and Marshal Jourdain, were between us and Vittoria; and when we saw the Duke of Wellington pass along the road close to us, with several of his generals, we suspected we should not long lie idle: we knew his Grace was going to the front to reconnoitre. I never saw him look better in my life; the march had improved his health, and success had brightened his looks in such a manner, that I fancied he felt confident of beating the enemy in "off hand" style at the first brush. I observed

the several Portuguese battalions pass, as fresh for work as if they had not marched two miles; and in several Spanish corps which crossed us to the left under the command of Colonel Longa, I saw physical strength, although neither equipment nor high spirits. Our own troops looked as well as ever they did—the sun-browned and laughing faces of Johns, Pats, and Sawneys, gave assurance that they were highly disposed to enjoy "a bit of diversion."

During the 20th the men refreshed themselves with change of linen, &c. in the best way they could, and enjoyed the evening of that day as happily as if they were reposing after a hunting excursion; every shade had its group, and the country afforded the most picturesque situations for bivouacking. My dinner was spread upon a green spot beneath an overhanging bank, covered with thick foliage, which shut out the hot sun; a clear stream rippling beneath; and here six of us enjoyed an evening's chat as comfortably as if we were on the banks of one of the Cumberland lakes. We expected to be engaged next day, and the allusions which this expectation brought forth, although calculated to stir up some thoughts of

home and friends, did not abate that cheerfulness which the scene present diffused. Our mortal enemy, old Death, was spoken of occasionally, but it was with a smile; no more was thought about him than about Marshal Jourdain or the ex-king Joe.

The night closed around, and the thousands lay down to sleep upon the turf; some by large fires, some beneath the cover of temporary huts, and some with nothing over them but their blankets, and the universal coverlid—beneath which many were to lie the following night for ever without waking! The weather was mild and delightful—the sky was beautiful, and many eyes were employed in gazing on it, and picturing over its blue breast the sweet scenes of home—the faces of those friends then far away! That was the hour for thinking; and I have no doubt it was so spent by thousands of the soldiers before they sunk into sleep.

On the morning of the 21st, we commenced our march early, and in two hours we came to an open country, on the right of which was a ridge of hills; about a mile distant on the left, a gradual descent of even land to a village about two miles off; far

in the front—perhaps at three miles' distance—were the spires of Vittoria to be seen rising to our view as we advanced; while about half a mile in our front we could spy the Frenchmen's huts, and they themselves running to arms as if we had surprised them:—indeed this *was* the case; for their cooking utensils were on their fires when our advanced troops trod over their ground. Columns of French were now to be seen moving about in the distance, and columns of our own men were every moment emerging from cover. The Staff was everywhere to be seen galloping to and fro—brigades of artillery and regiments of cavalry taking up their ground; and in about twenty minutes a column of Spaniards, led by General Murillo, moved out from the right of our line—Hill's divisions—up towards the heights, and commenced firing upon the enemy stationed there: these hills are called the heights of La Puebla, and here rested the enemy's left. The Spaniards, we could see, made good their ground on the hills; but reinforcements of French troops advanced against them, and Lord Hill ordered out two regiments of British troops to support the Spaniards, led

by the Hon. Colonel Cadogan of the 71st. Now began the fight, and every moment increased it. The red coats were met by increased numbers of the blue, and the firing became incessant; the Spaniards poured in their balls in good style on the advancing French, who attemped to overwhelm with numbers their small force; but Lord Hill detached column after column to the attack: we could only distinguish the men as a body, but could not see the individuals; however, the colour of the coats sufficiently marked out friend from foe, and the *reds* were evidently "doing the business." The 71st had fired and stood the fire a considerable time, but could not mount the hill effectually (as I have heard from an officer then present): at this time their commander, the Hon. Colonel Cadogan received a ball in the groin: he fell, and was immediately surrounded by some of his men, and lifted up by them in order to be removed to the rear: the 71st was then about to apply to their old friend the bayonet—ready for the charge: their Colonel lay in the arms of two soldiers, the balls showering from the hills—"Stop! stop!" said he. "don't take me away until I see

my men charge!" It was done, and gallantly—up hill too: the Colonel cheered as well as his failing voice would allow, and his last moments were blessed with the smile of victory. The hills were very soon taken, and the enemy driven in.

The artillery now thundered from both sides; and down to the left we could see General Graham's wing advancing against a distant village there. This was the part of the army to which I belonged; and now, for the first time since the march began, had an opportunity of gaining my division. The centre of the army, with which I then stood, now advanced to cross the Zadora, a small river—for Lord Hill *had* crossed it soon after he gained the heights; firing was everywhere along the line, before me and on both sides; the French stood bravely and poured in their musketry; their cannon was not a moment silent, unless stormed and taken by our men. I saw a couple of field pieces attacked by a regiment of Portuguese, and they astonished me with their courage and activity—they leaped over the guns like madmen, although blazing in their teeth, and captured them gallantly.

Having now seen where my station ought to be, I determined to proceed to it, and without a moment's delay galloped to the left, in the rear of the line, just as the troops crossed the river; and I arrived at the village attacked by Sir T. Graham (Gamarra Mayor) just as the bridge was carried. Three pieces of artillery fortified this bridge; but notwithstanding this, as well as a powerful force of infantry for its defence, our troops overcame all; but not without considerable loss. At this place, both the Colonels of the 59th (Weare and Fane) fell, while gallantly leading their men to the bridge.

It was now about half-past two or three o'clock in the afternoon, and no artillery but ours was to be heard; retreating columns and broken crowds were to be seen at various distances, to the extent of about half a mile in breadth, while our men were pursuing. Our dragoons advanced upon their rear—the infantry after them; but from the difficulty of the ground, the cavalry could not finish so completely as was to be wished, what the infantry had begun. The artillery followed up, and cannonaded the flying in their best style;

and it was clear that victory was our own at every point.

We marched on to Vittoria without firing a shot; and on the left of the town I had the pleasure of seeing the whole baggage, treasure, &c. of the enemy, in the hands of our troops. It was now getting late in the evening; the whole army continued the pursuit; but too much was done during the day to expect that the troops could advance much beyond Vittoria; they did, however, a couple of leagues, when they halted; and thus the scattered French escaped farther punishment. I was sent on duty to the town of Vittoria, and there passed the night.

The scene which presented itself in the town that evening may be easily imagined:—prisoners—wounded—drunken Spaniards—stray horses and mules running to and fro—broken carriages—dead and dying—the inhabitants panic-struck—the rear of our light dragoons galloping through the town—fires in the streets—drunken plunderers rolling about—the groan and the laugh and the imprecation—all mingled! Such was Vittoria after the battle. To increase the confusion, an

explosion took place, which shook every house and spread consternation around: none could imagine the cause. I at first supposed treachery from the Spaniards, but a moment's consideration removed this suspicion. In a short time our Provost and his assistants informed us of the nature of this explosion. The 18th Dragoons, and many stragglers of infantry, had remained to help themselves to dubloons from a French military chest, which fell into our hands near the town, and plunder raged for two or three hours; our soldiers would not *take* silver—nothing but gold would *pass* with them; the former they left to the Spaniards, for it was absolutely a "*drug in the market.*" About ten o'clock it became dark, and amongst the crowd of waggons, many, containing the treasure, might escape; therefore a number of Spanish peasants, muleteers, &c. procured candles, and went in search of farther golden discoveries, in order to open an *opposition mine* for themselves, as the *English* showed such monopoly in their *companies.* In the prosecution of this *speculation*, one of them happened to thrust his candle into a powder waggon, while his coadjutors were surrounding it,

waiting for the *report* upon its merits; the *mine* sprung, and hurled the *company* into the air: many were blown to atoms, and those who escaped immediate death, I saw next day—they were as black as Africans, their heads and faces swollen, and their eyes closed up: poor creatures, they presented a pitiable sight! very few of them recovered. Had these men been satisfied with humble silver, and not have run after *mining speculations*, they would have done better; but such folly is not confined to ignorant peasants—the great metropolis of London has furnished us with examples of far greater avarice and folly in the pursuit of *gold mines*.

The only *wholesale dealer* in the plunder of the French military chest who essayed his talents at Vittoria, was a commissariat *officer*: he very coolly ordered one of his muleteers to load eight or nine mules with boxes of dubloons, and dispatched him with a letter of consignment to Lisbon; where, had the treasure arrived, the commissary's fortune would have been made. But it was otherwise ordained; for the muleteer, in going back through Spain, boasted at a *posado* that he had immense

treasure in his charge. An Alcaldi was present drinking; and from the circumstances of the mules being without a military escort, yet admitted to contain specie, suspicion arose. He continued to drink with the muleteer, and the latter, in his careless cups, dropped the letter which the commissary had given him to deliver to his correspondent at Lisbon. The Alcaldi withdrew; opened the letter—and with the help of the curate of the village, who knew a little English, discovered that the treasure was not sent by any authority. In consequence of this, he seized the whole—mules, muleteer, and all. The result was, that the gold was sent back, and the commissary thought it right to run away, without waiting for farther enquiry. Thus ended *his* speculation: but speculation at best is *only* speculation—except in this case; for here it lost a *letter*, and therefore was clearly—*peculation*.

The day after the battle, I, in company with another, rode out to view the ground where the armies had so recently contended. It was strewed with dead and wounded, accoutrements and arms; a great part of the latter broken. At those points

where obstinate fighting took place, the ground was covered with bodies: a great number of wounded, both French, English, and Portuguese, lay along the road, groaning and craving water. The village of *Gamarra Mayor* was shattered with heavy shot, and the bridge covered with dead, as well as its arches choked up with bodies and accoutrements. We returned by the main road, to where the centre of the army was engaged. Here were the French huts, and their broken provisions, half cooked, lying about; this was a level interspersed with little hillocks and brushwood: we were then surrounded with dead and wounded; several cars were employed in collecting the latter. A few straggling peasants could be seen at a distance, watching an opportunity for plunder—there was a dreadful silence over the scene. A poor Irishwoman ran up to one of the surgeons near us, and with tears in her eyes, asked where was the hospital of the 82nd regiment—I think it was the 82nd—she wrung her hands, and said that the men told her she would find her husband wounded; and she had travelled back for the purpose. The surgeon told her that the only hospital on the field

was in a cottage, to which he pointed; but informed her that all the wounded would be conveyed to Vittoria. The half-frantic woman proceeded towards the cottage, over the bodies which lay in her way, and had not gone more than about fifty yards, when she fell on her face, and uttered the most bitter cries. We hastened to her—she was embracing the body of a sergeant, a fine tall fellow, who lay on his face. "Oh! it 's my husband—it 's my husband!" said she; "and he is dead and cold." One of the men turned the body on his face; the sergeant had been shot in the neck, and his ankle was shattered. The lamentations of the woman were of the most heart-rending kind, but not loud. She continued to sit by her lifeless husband, gazing on his pale countenance, and moving her head and body to and fro, in the most bitter agony of woe:—she talked to the dead in the most affectionate language—of her orphans—of her home—and of their former happiness. After a considerable time, by persuasion, we got her upon one of the cars with the wounded, and placed the body of her husband beside her; this we did, because she expressed a wish to have it buried by a clergy-

man. She thanked us more by looks than words, and the melancholy load proceeded slowly to Vittoria.

In our way back to the town, my companion's attention was attracted by a dead Portuguese; he raised up the body, and asked me to look through it—I *did* absolutely look *through* it. A cannon-ball had passed into the breast and out at the back—and so rapid must have been its transit, from its forming such a clear aperture—in circumference about twelve inches—that the man must have been close to the cannon's mouth when he was shot—it spoke volumes for the courage of the troops.

The hospital at Vittoria that evening presented a sad spectacle; not only was part of it filled with wounded, but the streets all round it—about two thousand men, including those of the French with those of the Allies. Owing to the rapid, and perhaps unexpected, advance of the army, there were only three surgeons to attend to this vast number of wounded, for the first two days after the battle; and, from the same reason, no provisions were to be had for them for a week! The Commissariat had

not provided for the exigency, and the small portion of bread that could be purchased was sold at three shillings per pound. From these casualties, I often thought since, that in cases of expected general actions, if one half of both medical and commissariat staff were under orders to remain *on* the field until relieved, instead of following their respective divisions, it would obviate such privations. However, there is every excuse in this case, considering the unexpected rapidity of the advance. No fault whatever can be laid to either of the departments in this instance: it was wholly owing to advancing to such distance beyond Vittoria, as required too long a time to retrace.

In going through the hospital, I saw in one room not less than thirty Hussars—of the 10th and 15th, I think—all wounded by lances; and one of them had nineteen wounds in his body:—the surgeon had already amputated his left arm. One of the men described the way in which so many of their brigade became wounded. He said, that in charging the rear of the enemy as they were retreating, the horses had to leap up a bank, nearly breast high, to make good the level above. At this mo-

ment, a body of Polish Lancers, headed by a General, dashed in upon them, the General crying out, in broken English, "*Come on! I care not for your fine Hussar brigade.*" They fought for a considerable time, and although ultimately the Lancers retired and left the ground to the Hussars, yet the latter lost many killed and wounded. "That man," said the Hussar, "who lies there with the loss of his arm and so dreadfully wounded, fought a dozen Lancers, all at him at once, and settled some of them; at last he fell, and the Lancers were about to kill him, when the General cried out to take him to the rear, for he was a brave fellow. The skirmish continued, and the General cut that man there across the nose, in fighting singly with him—but he killed the General after all."

I turned and saw a young Hussar, with a gash across his nose, and he confirmed what his comrade said. The man who had the nineteen wounds, I have since heard, recovered: he seemed much to regret the fate of the General who saved his life. I saw this brave officer's body buried the next day in the principal church in Vittoria.

In passing through another part of the hospital, I perceived a Portuguese female lying on the ground upon straw, in the midst of numbers of wounded men. I enquired of her, was she wounded. She pointed to her breast, and showed me where the bullet had passed. I asked her how she received the shot, and was horror-struck when the dying woman informed me that it was her *marido*,—her own husband,—who shot her just as the action was commencing—she said he deliberately put the muzzle of his gun to her breast and fired! This may be false; I hope it is, for the sake of humanity:—it might be that the woman was plundering the dead; and perhaps killing the wounded, when some of the latter shot her. However, be the fact as it may, it was thus she told her story. She was in great pain, and I should think did not live much longer.

Colonels Weare and Fane, who fell so gloriously, were buried behind this hospital:—but I have dwelt upon this circumstance at another part of the work.

The people of Vittoria were very far from enthusiastic in favour of the English, although

they behaved with apparent gratitude; but this may be accounted for by the yet uncertainty which prevailed, as to our ultimate power of driving the French out of Spain. Bull-fights and balls took place, and the new constitution was read and honoured; but there was a want of warmth in the people, quite incompatible with true patriotism:—on the whole, it was supposed that Vittoria was not unfavourable to foreign tyranny.

A few days after the battle, the 6th division of the army passed through Vittoria, on their march to join the main body of the army. This division, from having been often employed on detached service, acquired the name of the "*Flying Invisibles*," by the rest of the army. They were certainly not at the battle; but it was not their fault, for they were left three days' march in the rear, to protect the transport of the stores, &c. The men presented a motley appearance; they had not received a supply of clothing as had been expected, and the consequence was that scarcely any red cloth was to be seen amongst their jackets, so patched were they with that of every other colour. Many had no shoes, and altogether they excited

commiseration; but the men themselves were as hearty and as healthy as any soldiers in the army.

While I remained at Vittoria, I learned that an attempt to storm St. Sebastian had been made by the allied armies, and had failed: it was also stated that the Spaniards of the fortress were the most active in defending the breach. Little fighting, I believe, took place in front, except at Roncesvalles and the pass of Maya—the gates of the French territory; and here, I believe, there was an effectual attack made by the French against our troops—at least so far successful, that the latter were obliged to retire a little, after having fought gallantly. A considerable number of men wounded in this affair were sent back to Vittoria.

I was now ordered to the front, and after a few days' marches through a most delightful and tranquil country, arrived at a village near Pamplona, called Bastania. Here were quartered two heavy Dragoon regiments—all the cavalry, indeed, were near; for it was a wide open country, and consequently fit for the operations of Dragoons. In the centre was the fortified town of Pamplona, within a

mile of which we durst not approach. The Pyrenees were about half a mile in front of Bastania, and the cavalry were placed here in case the enemy should succeed in forcing their way down to the plain for the relief of the citadel, in which 1,200 French were shut up:—had they done so, the horse could have acted with great effect upon them. This was in the latter end of July; and I believe the Duke of Wellington had closed the army in from the right, and intended to push on with his whole force to France. The Spaniards he had placed to invest Pamplona.

I slept at Bastania the night I arrived: there were not more than a dozen houses in the village, and all filled with dragoons. Into one of those I went, and found the ground-floor covered thickly with straw, upon which the soldiers—about thirty in all—were lying. They immediately made room for me:—my servant slept with my horses in an out-house. I was fatigued; and so, without any other refreshment than a cup of commissariat grog, lay down and slept happily until the trumpeter sounded "*Boots and Saddles:*" this was at two o'clock in the morning, and I had been asleep

about three hours. The men were soon out and horsed—so was I. The baggage of the dragoons all packed and mounted—every thing ready for "a breeze." The morning was dark, and for the time of year, rather chilly: I could not see to a great distance, but within my view passed several troops of heavy dragoons proceeding towards the foot of the mountains. There was scarcely any sound but that from the motion of the horses —the men spoke but little, and were yet half asleep. I moved towards the main road, in order to come up with my division, which was in front; but I soon found that it would be unsafe to proceed, on account of a fog which arose, completely obscuring every thing around. In consequence of this I dismounted; took off my saddle; put it on the ground; and directing my servant to stake the horses to their tethers, lay down with my head resting on it. I can assure my readers, that a saddle is no bad substitute for a pillow when the ground is the bed. The spot I selected was soft, though not dry; it was in a furrow of a ploughed field. I was rolled in my blanket, and for an hour never enjoyed a sounder sleep: but I did

not find the waking quite so pleasant; for it had rained heavily during my *enjoyment*, and I felt myself nearly covered by the *watery bed* of the furrow: however, I shook off my blanket—saddled, and mounted. It was daylight, but not yet sunrise: as I proceeded towards the mountains, I could see to my right, over the distant plain, several bodies of horse evidently stationed to be ready in case the enemy forced their way down—the town of Pamplona on my left in the centre of the plain—the *tricolore* flying, and occasional guns—I suppose signals—firing. The Pyrenees were capped in grey mist, and therefore I could not discern any of our infantry upon them; but I knew they were in their position there, and had fought the two preceding days in defence of it.

In my way I passed through the bivouac of the Spanish army which blockaded Pamplona, and there beheld a most sublime spectacle—it was the celebration of their religious rites, the mass, in the open air, close to a ruined house. It was now sunrise, and the hour with the circumstances of the time, gave the uncovered and kneeling soldiery

a most interesting appearance. The priest was a bald and reverend looking man, and his sacerdotal robes made him look like a patriarch. I stopped in a reverie of admiration—out of which, however, I was roused in a few minutes by the sound of distant firing on the heights; so I left the Spaniards to their prayers, and galloped on towards where there was something going on, which to me was far more interesting.

In about ten minutes more I was upon the mountain where our division was drawn up: they had not yet fired a shot, nor seen a Frenchman, but expected every moment to be engaged. The scene of action here, is to be imagined by the reader placing himself ideally on the top of a bold hill, or moderately sized mountain; in front, and on each side, are similar hills or mountains—some smaller—some greater; far in the front the higher Pyrenees; and, behind, the wide plain, on which stands Pamplona. Over this scene let him then throw the most picturesque foliage—a village or two in the distant valleys—the ground spread with heath and furze: thus he will have the view of where the gallant battle of the Pyrenees was gained.

after four days of terrible contest. The fight here was very different from a fight on a plain: in this it was a continual attempt on the part of Soult, with all the force he could collect, to pass the hills, for the relief of Pamplona, and as continual a resistance on the part of the allies—hill after hill was attacked and defended with the most heroic energy on both sides. But our people performed a still more glorious and prodigious task; for not only did they defend their own position, but attacked Soult's, which was stronger than their's; and thus for the second time during the campaign, made a wreck of the French army!

Soult was determined to pass to Pamplona if possible; he therefore brought all his power to the point: even his unfledged conscripts were not excused—boys of fifteen, in white undress, unable to use the bayonet; these he posted where they could pull their triggers without being exposed to a charge from our steel, while his veterans were employed in more dangerous situations. Before the attack, Soult in person appeared amongst them at the front, pointed towards the invested town, and offered every man a certain reward in cash, as soon

as they passed the few hills before them, and relieved their blockaded countrymen. All this could not suffice; and the best General of France, with a powerful army, could not push over a quarter of a mile of ground, while the British defended it! nor although aware of the Duke of Wellington's intention of invasion, could they keep him from pursuing them across their own frontiers! On this battle depended the fate of the Peninsula—perhaps of Europe:—the trust fell into worthy hands, and they did their duty.

In about half an hour after I joined the division, a hill in front and on our right, defended by Portuguese, was attacked; the latter received the French with a volley, and then, shouting, advanced down the hill with the bayonet: a cheer from our men involuntarily burst out, and the French rolled and ran, pursued about a hundred yards. The hill was of great importance to us, and very desirable to the enemy: this was the first attack upon it, and having failed, reinforcements were preparing to accomplish its conquest:—we could see several columns of the enemy moving down from another mountain towards it; but this was provided for by

our chief, who reinforced the gallant Portuguese by the 48th British regiment, and a regiment of Spaniards. Here then was the hardest fighting for two days—the 27th and 28th ; attacks were repeatedly made upon this point, in the most able manner by the French, and as often defeated. Soult and Wellington were both placed within sight of each other, upon the tops of hills, anxiously observing this terrible strife at various times ; and the anxiety of the former could be seen plainly in all his attitudes. During this time several other points were assailed, gained and lost : it was up hill at one moment, and down the next ; and considering that those hills were so steep at some places, that I was nearly breathless in mounting one, besides a hot sun blazing over us, it is to be wondered how such prodigies of valour were accomplished. I do not know why, but certain it is, that our men usually did more execution when charging up a hill than down ; there seemed to be a greater energy about them in overcoming their difficulties, and perhaps a desire of revenge for the advantage their enemy seemed

to take of them in firing down at them as they advanced. As an instance of this, I will mention the following fact:—When our troops were passing the Bidassoa, the firing from a bold height on the French bank of the river galled them very much; the water was up to the middle of their bodies, and the men were obliged to hold their muskets over their heads to keep them dry: many fell; others, wounded, continued to cross the ford; the hill in front was to be mounted and taken by those troops in the water, and a strong force was defending it. The men became outrageous as they looked up at the muskets of their enemies pointed at them; and frequent oaths and imprecations plainly showed that they would seek satisfaction when they crossed the river.—"*Oh! by J——! we'll give it to you by and by, you French beggars. D—— your eyes, we'll sarve you out,*" &c. &c. Such expressions as these were heard from every man, and when arrived on the other side of the river, scarcely a moment passed till they were up on the heights—stabbing, butting, and flinging over the rocks the bodies of their

enemies. The height was gained, and on the top of it they gave three cheers, which made Fontarabia ring. But—to the narrative.

During the 27th and 28th, the contest produced nothing decisive, except that Soult could not gain his point, and the whole line of hills were at one time or other the scene of active operation—cannon, musketry, and bayonet, were all at work. On the 28th, the French made a desperate attack on the 6th division, which had been sent by the Duke of Wellington to occupy the heights on the left, across a valley near Orican: the moment this division appeared, the enemy advanced on it, but was received in fine style—they got into a *cul de sac;* for the fourth division on their left was so placed on hills as to effect a most destructive fire on their flank, while they gave them their vollies from a ridge upon their right, as well as in front, so that at this point the French met with unequivocal defeat.

The third day closed in darkness, and the work of death ceased for a time. The men were now so familiar with the carnage around that they cared nothing about it: many laid themselves down beside

dead comrades and enemies mingled: all slept soundly on the mountain heath that night—not even bestowing a thought upon whether they were to fight next day or not; and when the bugle sounded and the drum beat next morning, jumped up as fresh as if they had been at a review; then, after eating their cold beef and biscuit, and swallowing a mouthful of rum, were ready in their ranks to renew the scenes of the preceding days —nay, anxious for the fight.

This was the day for glory. The Duke attacked Soult on the right and left at once, which proving successful, he dashed at the centre. This was now a change from defence to attack, and the enemy in a few hours were driven from all their strong points, and retreated. Yet they fought desperately: at one village alone—the first on the main road from Pamplona to the pass of *Maia*—the British were driven back four times; but took and held it on the fifth: the road here was covered with dead of both sides, and well proved the valour with which both fought, in that masterly victory which opened the barrier of France to the allies—led the Portuguese and Spa-

niards to the glory of shouting "Retribution" in their persecutor's country—and once more passed the ranks of heroes over the consecrated ground of Roncesvalles.

The whole of the road over which we pursued the retreating and broken army, was covered with the wreck of its baggage and artillery—hundreds of dead mules were lying about, having been killed with fatigue, or hurled off the precipices along which the road sometimes passed—waggons, guns, carriages, tumbrils, casks, medicine chests, and dead men, were the objects that every where, like Rosamond's clue, marked the track of the devoted victims:—a sickening sight, which, while engaged in the heat of pursuit, was viewed without emotion; but when calm reflection took her seat in the soldier's mind, was not to be contemplated by him without unenviable feelings.

On this march nothing remarkable occurred in the part of the army where I was stationed. The siege of San Sebastian was begun by Sir Thomas Graham, while the front of our main force occupied the border line of France on the Bidassoa. The two contending armies remained in sight of

each other—Soult fortifying the frontier of his threatened country, and Wellington refreshing his victorious troops until after the fall of San Sebastian. All this time the Duke's head-quarters were at Lesacco, in the mountains, a town about four leagues south of Passages; and these four leagues, I may say, with a little allowance—was up *one* side of a mountain and down the other,—a wretched town; and perhaps never before had it to boast of the domicile of so many heroes—such glittering nobility. Here, for the greatest part of a rainy and raw winter, the indefatigable Commander of the Forces fixed his quarters; and here I have seen him working with an energy which often threatened his life. He rode so much one week, that he was confined for several succeeding days to his bed; and I have seen his fifteen valuable English chargers led out by the groom to exercise, with scarcely any flesh on their bones—so active and vigilant was their noble rider, and so much were his horses used. Every day during the siege of San Sebastian, I saw the Duke, unattended by his staff, riding by my window, in a narrow street of Renteria, on

his way to the besieged fortress, accompanied by an old artillery or engineer officer,—I believe Sir R. Fletcher,*—and dressed in a plain grey frock, white cravat, and cocked hat—evidently intent on the matters of the siege; this was upwards of thirty miles a day for a *ride*, between breakfast and dinner; but he has often rode double that distance, over the worst of roads and in the worst of weather.

The siege of San Sebastian was the next important operation of the Allied Army. This was entrusted to Sir Thomas Graham, under the eye of the Duke of Wellington. From being quartered at Renteria, for three weeks previous to the capture of that fortress, I had an opportunity of witnessing the whole affair; and scarcely a day passed without my visiting the works before it: but from the commencement of the siege up to the battering down of the walls, nothing took place to require a particular notice, beyond the description I have given of the siege of Flushing, in another part of this work: generally speaking, the operations

* This valuable officer was soon after killed in the trenches before St. Sebastian.

were similarly conducted. The storming of the town, however, was a scene in the campaign of which I write, which ought not to be passed over unnoticed. As I beheld, so will I describe it; and so mighty an achievement as the capture of this town was, I would be happy to hear described by every individual who was engaged in it; for each would tell what he had seen; which, although all generally the same, would be different in particulars, and therefore, like Mosaic work, form a picture of the highest value. We have had several descriptions of the storming of San Sebastian, amongst which that given by the author of "*The Subaltern*," (a deservedly popular work) is by far the best, and, with but few exceptions, correctly true—at least those exceptions are at variance with what I recollect of the affair. The author of "*The Subaltern*" describes what he saw, as a *stormer* of the town; I can only speak as a spectator: both our remarks, therefore, may be taken as separate parts of the same picture.

San Sebastian is situated at the foot of a high rock, upon the top of which is a fortified castle; the town surrounds this rock, and is backed by

the open sea. A river runs in front of the town, into which the sea flows; but at low water it is fordable; and its banks of yellow sand appear to our right—imagining us fronting the town. On first beholding San Sebastian, one supposes it is situated on a little island; but on closer approach, it is seen connected by a neck of land, which at high water is very narrow; and on this neck, which is an island at high water, is a fort mounting three or four guns:—but the best way to proceed in the description, I think, is to place my reader in the position which I took up myself at the battering and storming of the town.

To our right, on a high bold hill, which overtops several others near it, and whose side, next the town, is nearly perpendicular, was a mortar battery:—here must the reader stand. About half a mile in his front and a little to his left, stands San Sebastian around its high rock and castle—its walls watered by the Gurumea stream, and relieved in the distance by the wide blue waters of the Bay of Biscay. To the left of the town he will see several picturesque hills, lessening away into the horizon, while to his right he will behold

the Bay of Biscay washing the feet of the Pyrenees. Immediately under him, a little to the left, are situated the British batteries and trenches, on a tolerably level ground, and flanked on the other side by several hills, upon the most forward of which stood the chief of the siege, Sir Thomas Graham ;*—these, for the most part, covered with apple-trees. Behind all this is a beautifully picturesque and hilly country—the Lake of Léso may be seen, like a patch of shining glass, in the midst of foliage and fertile fields—an occasional farm-house shows itself in the valleys and on the brows of the hills—while the background is formed by the gigantic mountains of the Pyreenees. I can only compare the position which I have now pointed out to my readers, to the highest seat of an amphitheatre, at the bottom of which lies the exhibition for his eye:—the batteries,—the river,—the town,—the encamped army,—all were below ; and over the whole I could gaze as on the Thames from the towers of Windsor,—the yellow

* While this General was observing the attack of the storming party, a cannon-ball struck the bottom of the hill, and rolled at a moderate pace, close to his feet.

verging sands of Dublin Bay from Killiny Hill,—or Edinboro' from the Calton.

On the night of the 26th, the fort between the town and our lines was carried by assault, and its defenders taken prisoners. This was done by a detachment of infantry, assisted by a few marines and sailors: little work was made about this affair, and the garrison, it is supposed, were not aware of it until daylight. On the morning of the 27th, the signal was made to open the fire upon the town; and I can only remember it by having been awakened out of a sound sleep, at three miles' distance from San Sebastian, by the tremendous roar of the cannon. The batteries continued to play upon the town almost incessantly, for nearly four days and nights,—the cannon at the front wall, for the purpose of effecting a breach—the mortars at the ramparts and the houses. The French returned the fire from both the Castle and walls with great rapidity—their shells were thrown in every direction; but this vigorous return was soon over; for, on the second day of the cannonade, their guns on the walls were silenced; so they contented themselves with throw-

ing a few shells and an occasional shot from the Castle upon the troops in our trenches, whose well-directed muskets were annoying the enemy whenever they appeared on the walls.

Observing the balls striking the wall at one point, first led the beholders to suppose that no impression could possibly be made on the massive and compact structure; for the perceptible effect was that a little dust arose from the spot where each shot struck; and then the ball dropped down, leaving no appearance whatever of an impression: but continued firing first loosened a stone, then moved it, and ultimately displaced it: when this was accomplished, it required very little more to widen the breach to a sufficient extent for storming.

During the day-time the scene was awfully grand—but far more so at night; and from the hill upon which I stood, it had the most terrible aspect. Fancy yourself over the potteries of Staffordshire in a balloon, when the face of the country is covered with fires; this may be likened in some degree, to the trenches and ramparts—dark and flame alternately mixed: then the roaring of

the guns, more loud than a thousand thunders; and the shells crossing each other, in their route to destruction:—none could behold the scene without awe and horror!

The breach having been completed on the 30th, the storming party prepared to enter; and on the 31st at about ten o'clock in the morning, the forlorn hope, at the appointed time—which was the hour of low-water—advanced from the trenches. I could see them plainly: one followed the other rapidly into the stream, and boldly advanced—poor fellows! a thousand balls were showered on them, and they dropped as fast as they arrived at about the middle of the river—men followed men, into the gulph of death—yet several arrived at the opposite bank: on they went to the breach, followed by their comrades, and there were knocked down by grape and bullets from the walls: but by rapidly crowding over the heaped up dead, a mass of men succeeded in getting on the breach: there they were stopped by balls and bayonets. At this moment, a mine sprung outside the wall, and threw our advancing men into confusion, killing several; but under the cover of the

smoke occasioned by it, many of the rear got up to the breach. Sir Thomas Graham now ordered the heavy artillery to aim over the heads of our men, so as to clear the ramparts of the opposing force, through the embrasures: this was admirably done: I could see the balls striking above them, and knocking stones and rubbish in upon the French, as well as sweeping them away.—Every shot made my heart thrill with delight; for the poor fellows, who were struggling to get into the breach, against such fearful odds, were dropping every instant; but this masterly experiment made immediate way for advance. There were several Spanish females on the hill where I was, and the tears rolled down their cheeks like rain, while this was going on; and many of the *men* who beheld it could not refrain from weeping. The constant exclamations from one to another, was, "Do you think they are likely to get in?—How long they are on the breach!—God help them!—Brave fellows!"—Not only the English present, but the Spanish, thus heartily felt for the gallant soldiers who were standing on the threshold of death awaiting destruction. At this moment, a column of Portuguese advanced

boldly out over the sand, on the right of the town, and exactly under the battery in which I stood: they marched at ordinary time. As soon as they appeared, the grape was showered in amongst them, and strewed the yellow sands with the blue jackets; yet the column never broke, but intrepidly marched into the river up to the arm-pits, and gained the wall of the town; the water all around them, while passing, bubbling by shot as if from large hail—so it appeared to me from the distance. The Portuguese continued along the wall, and mounted the breach gallantly. All this time, the breach was receiving a most destructive flanking fire, from the projections of the walls on both sides—they kept up a continual shower of bullets from the embrasures; fortunately now a mine sprung on the ramparts by accident, and destroyed numbers of the French: a dense black cloud of smoke arose from it: our artillery was sweeping the ramparts, and at this juncture the surviving men on the breach cleared their way into the town—advancing columns followed fast—the batteries ceased—and the work of the British bayonet began. The hearts of all who beheld the attack were now at

ease—the artillery men rested on their guns, and shook hands with each other—all was quiet outside the town, but wild uproar and destruction within. In about half an hour after this, we could see the French mounting the rock inside the citadel, to shut themselves up in the castle; then we felt convinced that the town was taken. The French continued to fire upon their pursuers all the way up the hill, and we could track them by the smoke of their guns.*

I went into the town through the breach, in the evening, and there witnessed the true horrors of war; the soldiers were, for the most part, half drunk —all were busy plundering and destroying: every thing of value was ransacked—furniture thrown out of the windows—shops rifled—packages of goods torn open and scattered about—the streets close to

* The author of "the Subaltern," says that the day the town was taken, was dark and tempestuous: the morning, perhaps, might have begun so; but from nine o'clock, it was to my recollection a sunny and delightful day. However, I agree with him when he says that the weather was bad, the day Soult attempted to push across the Bidassoa, to relieve San Sebastian—I know that the Portuguese who were ordered from the siege, to assist in opposing him, were wetted through just as they started; but I think this was not on the day of storming the town.

the breach, as well as the breach itself, covered with dead and wounded:—over these bodies, of necessity, I passed on my way. As few women were in the town, the horrors attending the sex under such circumstances were also few; and the attempt at ill-treating a female on the day subsequent to the capture of the town, was summarily punished by Lord Beresford on the spot. It was thus: although plunder was nearly subdued on the day after entering San Sebastian, yet stragglers were prowling about in spite of all efforts to prevent further mischief: a woman was looking out of a window on the first floor of a house, and I saw a drunken Portuguese soldier run into the passage directly below where the woman was. Lord Beresford happened to be walking a little before me in a plain blue coat and cocked hat, accompanied by another officer: his Lordship saw the Portuguese running into the house, and presently we heard the screams of a female—the woman had gone from the window. Lord Beresford instantly followed the Portuguese, and in a few minutes brought his senhorship down by the collar; then with the flat of his sword gave the fellow that

sort of a drubbing which a powerful man, like his Lordship, is capable of inflicting. Under the circumstances I thought it well bestowed, and far better than trying him by court martial.

I understood that when the troops got into the town, the French retreated behind their barricades in the streets, made with barrels of sand and clay; from whence they fired at their pursuers, and when driven from one, fled to the next, until they gained the Castle-hill. It is thus the French generally fight against our troops — they take every advantage of screening themselves from shot, and but on very few occasions stand up man to man with the bayonet.

The town was dreadfully injured by shot, shell, and the destructive fury of our troops:* but by no means so dilapidated as Flushing was. A great number of the inhabitants had left San Sebastian

* The author of the "Subaltern" has gone too far in heightening the horrors of the siege, by stating that it was burnt; his words are "long before midnight it was one sheet of flame, and by noon on the *following* day, little remained of it except its smoking ashes." I walked about the town many times on the *following day*, but saw no marks of fire; perhaps the town was *subsequently* burnt.

previous to its blockade, and the few respectable families who remained, fled to the Castle along with the French.

For several days after the storming, soldiers and sailors were to be seen strutting about the roads outside the town in masquerade—some in silks and satins—others as pedlars selling their plunder to the people who came from Passages to see the wreck of San Sebastian: the roads were like a fair; and the humour of the Portuguese and our sailors glossed over the horrors of the time with strange mirth. In general the sailors were habited in old fashioned silk gowns and petticoats, put on over their tarry jackets; while on a battered sail-cloth hat, Jack sported a Spanish veil. The garrison in the Castle held out a week, but at the end of that time surrendered: the number marched out was, I believe, 1,800.

From the fall of San Sebastian, until the invasion of France in the month following, nothing particular took place, and the army reposed in the luxuriant valleys of Navarre. Here both officers and men enjoyed themselves in quiet: they had plenty of provision—plenty of forage for the

horses—a profusion of fruit and excellent wine—the weather was delightful, and the country the most picturesque on earth. However, little more than a month passed over before the army crossed the Bidassoa, driving the enemy from their frontier, and our successful commander established his head quarters at *St. Jean de Luz.* I had been quartered at Tafalia from a week after the siege until the fall of Pamplona, and that being the only fortress to impede the operations of the army—from its being occupied by the enemy—it is not unlikely that its fall was the signal for the invasion of France.

On the surrender of Pamplona, the French garrison were permitted to march out, with closed knapsacks. They were escorted by the Spaniards through Tolosa to Passages for embarkation as prisoners of war; and, unhappily for many of them, they found the difference between Spanish and British foes on that miserable occasion.

It was cold weather when the garrison marched out: they were disarmed of course. The French governor and several of the superior officers were allowed to ride their own horses, and suffered

nothing more severe than mere insults from their escort, the Spaniards. Far different was it with the men: every species of brutality was practised against them short of open massacre. The road from Pamplona to Tolosa is one of the widest and best in Spain, not very inferior to any in Great Britain: it takes a course through valleys along the sides of an immense mountain for a considerable way, and, frequently, over patches of fertile country—the whole abounding in foliage. Occasional villages present themselves at a few miles distant from each other, and now and then a farm house or two opens upon the traveller's view in some wild spot.

I was on my route from Tafalia, in company with a brother officer; and then returning to the front. We slept one night in a village within a mile and a half of Pamplona, as one of our halting places; and next day in passing the town we saw a considerable body of Spanish troops—principally cavalry—drawn up; and, on enquiry, learnt that they were waiting to receive the French garrison, which were then about to march out as prisoners of war. In a few moments the French appeared

and were placed in column to proceed thus on their route to Tolosa. We marched with them all that day, conversing with the governor—a gentlemanly and pleasant officer—who expressed his fears of ill treatment for his men, regretting that it was not by the English that they were escorted. It came on to snow severely about four o'clock in the afternoon, and promised a most miserable night to the poor prisoners, as they had a full league farther to go before they could get under cover; and they were far less able to bear fatigue than the Spaniards who escorted them; for they had been half starved in the garrison—provisions having been exhausted:—the governor declared that they had all been subsisting for twelve days previous to surrender, on four ounces *of horse flesh* per day to each man, and that the horses killed for that purpose were the private property of the officers.

We rode along with the column until dark, when we left it to take up our quarter for the night at a farm-house, which we saw on the left, in a valley, at the distance of about a quarter of a mile. Here we passed the time pleasantly, having

met with hospitable people who accommodated us with what we wished. My friend had purchased a brace of woodcocks in the village where we slept on the previous night, and my servant was busy cooking them: while we sat at the fire along with the farmer, his wife and three children, enjoying ourselves with a glass of good Tafalia wine, about seven o'clock, a youth who was in the employ of the farmer, lifted the latch, and entered, covered with snow; his face was as white as his clothes, and he evidently laboured under extreme terror. His master demanded what was the matter —in the Basque language, which we did not understand, and which is the language of the country people in that quarter: the boy, in the most apparently incoherent manner, spoke for several minutes, shuddering as he spoke. We supposed that he had encountered a mountain ghost in full costume; but the master explained in Spanish the cause of his servant's fright to be nothing etherial. He said that the boy had been returning from a neighbouring farmer's house, and was crossing the main road in the snow, when he stumbled over something, and fell; it was quite dark; at first he thought

it was a *Borachio*,* or a sack of corn that thus tripped him, and put down his hand to it. He felt it warm, and on closer examination found it to be a dead body quite naked, and bleeding warm blood from the throat and breast, with which the boy's hands were covered. He ran towards a gap to get into the field which led him towards his master's, and in climbing up, his foot slipped by occasion of the snow, and down he fell into the ditch upon another dead, naked, and bleeding body! At first I was at a loss to account for this extraordinary affair, but the Spaniard, who was a shrewd man, soon awakened me to the cause. "They are French," said he;—"French prisoners killed by the soldiers of the escort, for their knapsacks and clothes." A shudder of horror passed through the nerves of both my friend and myself. At first we thought of proceeding on after the column, and to remonstrate with the Spanish Commanding-officer; but a moment's reflection showed us the uselessness as well as danger of such an undertaking: we therefore con-

* The prepared skin of a pig, in which the Spaniards transport the wine from one place to another.

tented ourselves with condemning the dastard villany of the action, and in plans of preventing the like outrages for the remainder of the march.

The next morning we mounted our horses a little after daylight, and proceeded to the main road in order to pursue our route to Tolosa, and there the scene which opened upon us was one of the most heart-sinking nature: at least thirty bodies were scattered along the road, for the distance of about two miles; most of them stabbed in the breast, side, and abdomen—others with their throats cut; and some who had not died of their wounds were gasping in death, hastened by the extreme inclemency of the weather to which they had been exposed the whole of the night—and all completely naked! We stopped with one young man who could just speak a little; I put my canteen to his lips, and he swallowed a mouthful of brandy, which for a moment lighted up the expiring spark of life. The suffering victim told us that the Spanish soldiers stabbed him in the breast when it became quite dark. He said that happening to be on the flank of the column, and being a little tired and weak, he straggled out from it a moment, when one

of the Spaniards dragged him into the ditch and plunged his steel into his body; then took off his knapsack and clothes, leaving him naked as he was, exposed all night to the snow and sleet. We threw our blankets down, and lifted him upon them—the blood gushed out afresh from his side. We immediately commenced to carry him back to the house we had slept in the preceding night; but before we had gone many yards with the unhappy soldier, he died.

We lost no time in proceeding onwards to overtake the column, and we came up with it in about two hours. The poor jaded prisoners looked at us as if they thought we could protect them from their abominable persecutors, and many of them begged our interference, and corroborated what the dying soldier told us. We heard the same melancholy complaint from the French commandant and his officers. He said he remonstrated with the commanding-officer of the Spaniards, but was answered that the men should keep close in the column, and then they would not be exposed to the danger of being murdered! My friend and I immediately rode up to the Spanish officer in

command, and represented the horrid scene which was acted on the preceding night; but instead of a humane and soldier-like consideration of the report, he cooly observed that *he* did not see them doing it, and that the prisoners must be more careful not to straggle. I asked him to investigate the matter, and concluded by hoping that the horrors of the night before would not be renewed that night. My friend added, that it was a disgrace to the name of a nation to murder their prisoners thus. He said he could not help it, and that these things must happen in spite of the officers. We plainly saw that those men, who from their rank should have been supposed to have known better, were indirectly as much of the base assassin as the wretches they commanded: however, I believe they were not the *regular* troops of the line, but the militia of the province. God forbid that all the Spanish army were such as this sample! For the sake of human nature, I hope they were not. The Spaniards had certainly suffered much from the French invading army; but nothing should have operated so disgraceful a crime in them, as to murder the helpless prisoners *entrusted to their*

protection. The British soldiers, with all their faults, never stained the name of their country with conduct like this: they have pilfered—they have plundered—they have rioted in drunkenness and debauchery; but they never *struck a prostrate foe:* they were the most formidable enemies to the French in Spain; but they were the first to whom the fallen of that nation looked to for protection—and not in *vain*—except in one *grand instance* * * * But in this, thank Heaven! the *Nation,* although bearing the blame, *unjustly bears it;* for *it was the act of its evil director, and wholly unsanctioned by the hearts of its people.*

We obtained a sort of promise, however, from the Spanish officers, not again to allow such conduct as disgraced the preceding night; and having cautioned the French in the rear to keep close together, we went to our quarters in a little village, with some hopes that the murderers would not again go to their infernal work; but we were disappointed; for next morning the front room of the cottage in which we passed the night, was filled with Spanish soldiers at day-break, (for it happened to be a sort of wine-house,) and every one

of them had a knapsack or two which they took from the French on the preceding evening: and no doubt for every knapsack which we counted, there was a murdered prisoner. We were horror-struck when we beheld them, and spoke in very decided terms of the brutality of the soldiers; but they only replied by recommending the English officers to mind their own men, and let Spaniards do as they liked!—nay, they made no secret of their atrocity, but boasted to each other of the manner in which they selected the prisoners who carried the largest knapsacks, and of the celerity with which they detached them from their comrades and slaughtered them. These wretches held a sort of fair or market in front of this cottage, selling the clothes and contents of the plundered knapsacks to the peasants of the village.

This proved to be the last day of slaughter for the poor unhappy prisoners; for they arrived at Tolosa that evening by four o'clock, and their further march was only to Passages (one day's march) where they were to embark. My friend and I, however, to guard against further outrage, reported the affair to the Spanish authorities at

Tolosa, who, although promising to effectually prevent a recurrence, *excused* the murderers by saying, "that they had not received a shilling pay for two years; and this," said they, "is owing to these infernal French." There would have been some reason in this, if the murdered had been the men who designed and moved the Spanish invasion; but these unhappy prisoners were as much the victims of it as the Spaniards themselves.

I now proceeded to my quarters at *Urogne*, beyond the Bidassoa, between *Fontarabia* and *St. Jean de Luz*. From the appearance of the town, the armies must have had severe fighting there: the houses were all in ruins, and no inhabitants to be seen: here I remained until the advance of the army to its ultimate conquest at Toulouse, which began the winter's campaign in France.—But, as the crossing of the Bidassoa, properly speaking, was the end of the *Last Campaign in the Peninsula*, I must with it conclude this sketch—on which I have already, perhaps, dwelt too long.

NIGHTS IN THE GUARD-HOUSE.

No. V.

"HOLLOA! what is that, sentry?"

"They are firing on the hills, sir."

Out ran Sergeant Dobson from the guard-house, and looked through the dark towards the point from which he supposed the muskets had been fired.

"They are at it, sure enough," said he—"Pop! —there they go. Is that a house o' fire?"

"I think it is, sir," replied the sentry.

The Sergeant now ran to a rising ground, behind the guard-house to satisfy himself, by taking an observation. It was a dark, cold, windy

night, and the flames from a burning house upon a hill, about half a mile in front of the spot where the sergeant stood, spread a glare of red and white light upon the objects immediately around it, which had a sublime effect. The sergeant could plainly distinguish the figures of soldiers, between him and the flames, running until they disappeared in the darkness of the valley over which the flames waved; and he was now convinced that a desperate resistance must have been made to the party, that was sent to support the excise-officers, in taking possession of a private still, which had long been at work in the house now burning in sight of the sergeant.

The house where the illicit still produced its periodical flow of potyeen, was an old strong stone building, of three stories high, and partly in ruin. The lands upon which it was situated, and of which it had been once the manor-house, were "in chancery," and the only inhabitants it possessed, were a sort of steward and his family, who received no pay for his services, except his house-room and firing, with leave to grow potatoes in

the garden, and feed a cow on the estate—sometimes, perhaps, a pig or two. The agent of the estate seldom visited the ruin, unless when he took a shooting excursion; and then he did not trouble himself much with the old steward's means of living. To make up for all deficiencies in salary, the occupier of the house, in conjunction with others, set up "a bit of a still," as he termed it, and supplied thereby a considerable part of the neighbouring people, with potyeen and broken heads for several years, under the very noses of the excise-officers, who were either too wise, or too blind to take notice of the matter. The rumour was not without foundation, which hinted that several mugs and canteens of the old steward's *best*, found their way into Ballycraggen guard-house. This, however, was only rumoured, and never happened to arrive at the ears of the officers then quartered in the town; for had that been the case, Corporal O'Callaghan, Private Mulligan, Jack Andrews, and even Sergeant M'Fadgen himself, would have got into a bit of a hobble, as sure as potyeen is good whiskey. But not a word more about that—let the officers find such

things out—I'll never "peach," upon good soldiers. If they did take a drop while on guard, it was only to keep the frost out of their stomachs—(and as Mulligan says,) nobody ever saw them "a bit the worse o' dthrink."

The burning of the house was going on rapidly—the flames encreasing in strength, and streaming along the hill, over high pines and thick bush wood. The whole of the guard were at the front of the guard-house, observing the progress of the fire, when the glistening of the firelocks with fixed bayonets caught their attention, rising from the valley below them; and, through the faint and red light, they could perceive they were some of their own regiment who approached.

The guard immediately got under arms, to receive them. The challenge was given—the watch word passed—and the party commanded by Ensign Morris, halted in front of the guard-house, and delivered to the sergeant of the guard (Dobson) two prisoners—one slightly wounded by a shot in the arm.

The Ensign gave orders that they should be kept in the guard-house until morning, and left

Corporal Callaghan with two men, to strengthen the guard: after which, he gave the word to his party, "Right face,"—"March;" and proceeded to the head-quarters of the regiment.

The prisoners were two labourers who belonged to the still, and the only two of its defenders who were taken.

"Well, my gay fellows, you gave us a purty bit o' business to-night—eh?" growled Corporal O'Callaghan, when all were seated in the guard-house. "Look at that," continued he, taking off his cap, and showing them a hole made by a bullet; "look at that, ye spalpeens. Which o' ye did that?"

"Neither of us, plase your honour!" exclaimed both the prisoners; "we never fired a shot, at all, at all."

"That 's a lie, old chap," replied one of the soldiers who had escorted them; "that 's a lie; for I 'll take my affadavy I saw your infernal face looking out of the window when the fire first broke out; and if I 'm not very much mistaken, it was this musquet that pinked your arm when you were running up the hill."

"Whoever *did* pink my arm, as you call it, I

wish'd o' Christ I had him on the top o' Faudrick's Hill,—he with his firelock, an' I with my pitch-fork; I 'd make him know his Lord God from Tom Bell." This was the reply of the wounded man, who became evidently agitated with rage as he concluded.

" Well, my boys," observed Corporal Callaghan, " it 's all over now; you are prisoners, and one o' you is wounded. The business is over, so say no more about it."

" Yes, yes," said Sergeant Dobson, " say no more about it;—but, Corporal, tell us how the matter went."

" By my soul! Sergeant, we had a throublesome job, I assure you. You know Andrews's quarthers. Well, I was down there, taking tay with his wife, when the Sergeant-major came running down, and orther'd me out with my squad immajetly. So I had my men out while you 'd say ' thrapstick ;' an' Liftinent Morris, of our company, with Sergeant M'Fadgen, myself, and twenty-five men, march'd off in the dark, along with two excisemen, down the narrow lane which lades towards the windmill. The lane was rough an' muddy, an' it was

horrid dark; but the excisemen had lantherns in their pockets, which they pull'd out as soon as we were out o' the town. When we got about a mile on, we filed off into a narrow path, which ran up the side o' the hill, upon which that house that 's burning stands, an' followed the excisemen in single files, through bushes an' briars, like goats—climbing an' slipping—till we came to a sort of open space, undther another hill; an' from this we could see a gleam o' twilight in the sky, as if the moon was just washing her face, to pay us a visit. Here we were halted, an' orther'd to keep a sthrict silence. The excisemen shut up their lantherns. Ensign Morris now stooped down, to catch a glimpse o' the house in front between him an' the twilight; an' then both he and the excisemen went on—down the slope o' the hill. It got a little bit lighter, an' we could see that the big stone house (more like a castle) was situated between us and another hill on our left, in a wide sloping place, and surrounded with fir-threes. There was no light at all in the windows. 'Pon my sowl, when I looked about at the dark scene, as it was—we dthrawn up undther a steep rock, an' the roots

o' the big threes out over our heads,—all of us as silent as stones—I could'nt help thinking o' the night we were dthrawn up on the advanced posts in the Pyrenees, Sergeant,—just half an hour before the attack. Well—in about ten minutes, Liftinent Morris an' the excisemen returned. Misther Morris immajetly addthress'd us in a sort o' whisper, 'Tention!' says he. 'Now, men, you are about to be employed in a juty which may call upon every individual of you to use his judgment and discretion. You may be required to spill the blood of your countrymen; but it is in support o' the laws, and you are bound to do it, if necessity calls upon you. These revenue officers are going to make a sazure of a private still in that house, an' in case our assistance is wanted, we must give it at all hazards; but to those men who will be posted by themselves, I have particularly to remark that they are to allow none to pass them—but, at the same time, not to fire, unless undther the most urgent circumstances. To those men undther my own eye, I say observe my ordthers—our object is to avoid bloodshed, but, at the same time, support the revenue officers

in doing their juty." He then ordthered Sergeant M'Fadgen to post two men at the pass we had just come down; and this being done, three more were sent round to about fifty yards distance, an' posted at different points, while four others were placed at each flank o' the big house on the side o' the hill—all ordthered to allow nobody to pass in or out; an' not to move from their posts till further ordthers, unless obliged by force. Ensign Morris then marched the remaining twelve, and the Sergeant and myself, down the slope for about a hundthred yards, an' halted us undther cover o' the wall, close to the gate o' the house.

"The excisemen now went softly into the yard o' the house—for there was no gate—an' in about five minutes they came out again, to say that there were at least eight or ten men in the house—they saw through a crack in the wall. I must tell ye that the excisemen said they had been in the house twice, but it was in the day time, an' if they were to be d——d for it, they could not find either still or one o' the men,—it was so sacretly done between 'em; so they came to-night from information they had received, that a grate

quantity o' potyeen was to be sent out about twelve o'clock; an' we were to wait 'till they began to load their cars with the stuff.—'The cars are all harnessed,' says one o' the Excisemen, coming out o' the yard, 'an' I hard a dale o' voices inside —so they will soon come out.'

"Here we waited for a little time, when a light from the door stramed out across the road through the gateway, and the excisemen got on their hands an' feet, an' kept watching the fellows coming out o' the house to load the stuff. We heard the cars dthrawing up before the door, and in about five minutes the excisemen got up, and said that they would creep inside o' the gate, an' round the wall to the door, so as to get into the house before any alarm was given; an' that the word "Captain!" roared out by one o' them, would be the signal for our party to advance an' support them. So in they crept, like cats, while the men were loading the cars: and we were expecting the signal every instant, when we sees a fellow's head poking out o' the gate: at first he didn't see us, but walked softly out (I suppose to see was the ground clear), when he turned round an' spies us,

an' immajetly bawled out, as loud as he could, 'Murther! Dinis, shut the door; here 's the sodgers!' The signal was instantly given; we didn't mind the fellow at the gate, but advanced at double quick, right into the yard—Ensign Morris at our head. The door was open—a woman held a light, an' was pulling in a man, while the excisemen were both knocked down like cocks before our faces. We were dthrawn up in line about ten yards from the door, while Ensign Morris ran forward, undther one o' the horses' heads, calling out he would fire if they would not surrendther; but the men were all in, an' the door slapped right into his face, just as he was grabbing howld o' one o' them. You know Misther Morris is a slapping able fellow, that ought to be a Captain long ago—before he left Spain. The excisemen got up—not much worse o' the wear—an' Misther Morris ordthered me to remove the cars an' horses, which we did to one side o' the yard. He then called to the men to aim at the door when they got the word, and desired the Excisemen to pull out their lantherns, one of which he took, an'

threw the light on the door. "Now men:—ready —present—fire!" says he. Slap went a dozen bullets into the door. "Load!" was given, an' the officer, with the Excisemen, went forward, —the men marched afther him,—ordthered to butt the door with their muskets; which they did: but neither the balls nor the butting had any effect whatever; for the door was as thick double oak as ever was; an' well made too—one o' the owld times."

The prisoners smiled with satisfaction, as the Corporal observed upon the door.

"Well," continued O'Callaghan, "we were dthrawn up a little distance from the house again, an' another volley was sent right at one o' the windows o' the first floor. In went the wooden shutthers in smithereens about the ground, an' slap comes a shot out at us. "Load!"—again—and again. Six men were ordthered to take post on our flank with the Sergeant, and the others with Misther Morris himself:—away went six bullets more into the same window, from the Sergeant's party, while ours was ordthered to pop one by

one, as Misther Morris directed. Another shot was now fired at us from the window, an' knocked poor Hall head over heels.'

"What! is Hall killed?" demanded the Serjeant and the men of the guard.

"'Faith! poor fellow he is—or all as one; the ball enthered his breast, an' he was taken away to the surgeon with very little hopes o' life."

At this information of the Corporal's there was a general murmur of regret.

O'Callaghan continued—"Misther Morris now says to the men, 'Come—ready lads—an' when the party on the other side fires, watch the window, while I throw the light right on it; which, when you see, fire at once—the whole of you.' We then moved in the dark to six or eight paces farther out, an' more in front. The smoke was now getting away—for a blast o' wind just then came. In about a minuet or two, slap went the Serjeant's party—a volley into the window. 'Steady!' says the Liftinent; 'good aim lads'; an' in less than a minuet he claps the light on the window. There was the fellow with a blundtherbush up to his shouldther, an' he let fly just as we fired—the light

was kept steady on him—I 'm sure every man could see him. Rattle went the lead into him:—he jumped like a hopping ball up against the window top, an' out fell his dead body across the ledge:—there he hung with his head an' shoulders out. A most dthreadful cloud o' smoke came now over the house, an' almost stifled us; at which Misther Morris ordthered me to go round to the rear an' see what was the matther. I went, an' the sentheries there tould me the house was o' fire—'faith! I soon saw it was; for the flames were bursting out o' the windows; so I ran back to tell the Liftinent. We were all astonishment. What was to become o' the men inside?

"There was no more firing from the party: the Serjeant was ordthered to remain at his post in front, with his six men, while Misther Morris an' I ran round to the rear; but before we went, the flames came fleaking out of every window—even over the dead man that was lying stretched out over the ledge. It's all up, thinks I, for they must ha' spilt their potyeen, an' set fire to it; otherwise the house could never be so suddenly in flames.

"Faith an' you 're just right," sneered the wounded prisoner; "We was n't a goin' to let the d——d Exciseman taste a dthrop o' it."

"By my sowl! ye're nice boys. I wish ye had been out at Badajoz, an' may be ye'd ha' had enough o' such business," said Corporal O'Callaghan, and then resumed his narrative. "Well," said he, "we got round as fast as possible to the rear o' the house, an' just as we were approaching it, we sees the senthries—three o' them—running towards the hill to stop three or four fellows who were galloping up it like monkies, an' calling out that they would fire; while six or eight fellows made a rush by a hedge close to us, down the hill like devils, an' we afther them—officer an' all. I 'm a good runner—an' by my sowl! I could not do much with them fellows; they were like Leberacawns—we had scarcely time to wink our eyes, when they were gone—hooh! off they were like birds."

"But didn't Lieutenant Morris order you to fire, Corporal?" said Serjeant Dobson.

"Fire!" not he. "Why should he, Serjeant? You know what the Liftenant is,—he 'll not

dthraw blood in such a case as that—the poor devils were running away. We could n't have much glory in killing one o' them, I 'm sure. One o' the senthries fired though, an' shot this nate-looking gentleman here getting up the hill, an' made him prisoner; the other lad there fell right on his head and rowled down; so that he was also caught.

" And is the house burnt ?" demanded the Serjeant.

" Burnt!" replied O'Callaghan, " 'faith it is—an' well burnt tqo. It 's all in a hape o' ruins. An' afther all, the Exciseman did n't get the still."

" No, by J——s! they didn't nor never will," exclaimed the wounded prisoner with exultation.

" But what made you burn the house ?" said Serjeant Dobson to the prisoner.

" I 'll say no more," replied he; " it 's done now—an' I'm not sorry; except for the brave fellow that lost his life."

At this moment, the Sentry at the guard-house door challenged; and in a few seconds Lieu-

tenant Morris with a magistrate of the town, and the gaoler, arrived. Handcuffs were placed upon the prisoner who was not wounded, and the Corporal with two men, were directed to take charge of the delinquents, and march them to gaol; which they did, accompanied by the Lieutenant, the magistrate, and the gaoler.

HOLY ORDERS.

"O! Father, must I then confess?"

They say that "a frank confession is good for the soul," but who ever said it was good for a military *body?* Even the confessors themselves, enthusiastic as they may be about the salvation of souls, through the means of contrition and atonement, show but little disposition to trouble the army, or expect that the army will ever trouble them by kneeling at their confessionals. However, the military in France are subject to the civil laws; and, as a holy order has been issued from the Court of Charles X., imposing the necessity of confession as a preparatory step to the celebration of

marriage, the soldier who wishes to enter into the bonds of Hymen, must, like his civil brethren, confess his naughty doings to his pastor. Without a certificate of having duly done this, he must be contented with single cursedness.

A Colonel who fought for France in the days of her triumph—a pupil of that revolutionary school which gave its best moral lesson in its downfall—presented himself at the house of the Priest who held the sacerdotal command of the town in which the *militaire* was quartered, and informed him that he was desirous of entering into the married state next day; adding, that he wished to give his reverence the preference in the performance of the ceremony. *Monsieur le Prêtre* bowed, and thanked the Colonel for the honour conferred upon him, and the hour was appointed for the marriage. The Colonel, not aware that anything more was officially required of him, than to present himself with his intended *cara esposa*, before the altar on the following day, was about to take his leave, when the Priest informed him that he must confess before he could be eligible to the dignity of wearing the matrimonial collar.—Only

fancy a tall, bony, mustachioed Colonel of French Infantry, about forty-five years of age—a sort of half devil, half republican,—with ear-rings and bald temples—a ruddy brown face, that spoke of many a hot sun and strong vintage—with an eye like Mars, and an air like Robin Hood:—only fancy such a man called upon by a Priest, to kneel down and confess his sins in an audible voice, that he might be qualified to enter into the holy state of marriage;—and then fancy his gaze of astonishment at the holy man's summons! For such a rough personage as this was the Colonel;—a fellow who, during his military life, had little to do with priests, except to lay them under contribution, and knew no more about the merits of confession than he did about the Evidences of Christianity, or the Decalogue itself.

"*Sacre!*" replied the Colonel; "What's the meaning of this? Confession! what have I to do with confession?"

The Priest, who was a man as liberal as might be, consistent with his office, informed the Colonel that by a late law, no marriage could be celebrated in France between Catholics, unless the

parties had first obtained a certificate of confession; but gave him to understand that he would make it easy to him.

"*Eh bien!*—very well, very well," said the Colonel; "but what am I to do?"

"Very little, very little. Merely sit down, and tell me what sins you have committed in your life-time."

"*Parbleu!*" replied the Colonel; "How am I to do that? I don't know that I ever did any great harm."

"Well then," returned the Priest, "merely speak to the best of your recollection."

Here he gave the Colonel his benediction.

"I never injured any one in my life—except, perhaps, running a few dozen Prussians and Spaniards through the body.—I have killed a few Englishmen too."

"*Ce n'est rien!* that's nothing."

"I assisted in pillaging several towns, and burnt one or two villages."

"*Ce n'est rien!* that 's nothing at all."

"I have sometimes had an affair with the ladies."

"*Oh, pour cela, ce n'est rien—ce n'est rien!* All in the way of your profession. Did you ever kill a priest?"

"No!—I—a—a—don't think I ever *killed* one."

"Very well—very well! Did you ever assault a nun?"

"O never,—no necessity! Always found the nuns very agreeable women."

"You never robbed a church, Colonel?"

"We melted down the golden candlesticks, and removed a few of the pictures; but this was by our General's orders."

"You did not rob anybody?"

"Never—except the Spaniards and Portuguese. —O—yes, we did a little amongst the Prussians."

"Ah! that was, as I said before, merely in the way of your profession. Very good—very good, Colonel, I think that will do. Now I will give you absolution, and your certificate of purity."

The Colonel received the paper, and was about to depart, when the Priest informed him that there was something more to be done:—A small

fee was necessary. The Colonel cheerfully put his hand in his pocket, and presented the clergyman with two Napoleons, one of which his reverence returned, observing that he was amply remunerated for his trouble by the other. "Yet," said he, "there is something more to be done: you must have a mass celebrated, to complete the marriage and render it legal."

"*Parbleu!* mass!" exclaimed the Colonel, "what is the use of mass to me?"

He was again told that it was necessary, and he agreed to have it performed; "But," said he, "what is the expense?"

"You can have it done in a superior manner—full high-mass—for two hundred francs."

"*Ah, mon Dieu!* two hundred francs! what!—for a mass?"

"Yes; but, Colonel, you can have it done so low as ten francs."

"Can I?" said the Colonel, "and is the ten franc-mass equally good in point of law, with that for two hundred?"

"Yes, Colonel; but not so respectable."

"*Sacre!* never mind the respectability of the

matter; I 'll have ten francs worth of mass—that will do for me."

The marriage was accordingly celebrated next day in due form, the Colonel having purchased the confessor's certificate and ten francs worth of mass; and he solemnly declared, on the day after his wedding, that he could not have felt more happy, even if he had purchased the highest priced mass in France.*

* The author of this little sketch has had the account of the circumstances related in it from the Benedict Colonel himself.

A LITTLE CONSEQUENCE;

OR, A

SMALL DIFFERENCE IN RIGHT TO QUARTERS.

My consequence—my consequence—my consequence!
MUNDEN'S *Sir Anthony Absolute*

A CERTAIN little gentleman attached to the army of Lord Wellington, while on the march in Portugal, once took up his quarters in the best house he could find, and having seen his horses well put up in the rear of it, retired to the best apartment to indulge himself in a cup of coffee; which luxury, with many others, he was, from the nature of his situation, enabled to carry with him, while others, his superiors, were obliged to put up with what they could procure *en passant*.

Scarcely had his *rapaz* drawn off his boots and re-covered his feet with slippers, when it was announced to him, that an officer was below examining the stables, and had ordered his horses to be put up in them—that the officer's baggage was already unloading at the door of the house—and that the officer himself had selected the quarters in preference to any other in the village.

The slippered possessor, in all the consequence of his *grade*, immediately determined that no man should turn him out of his quarters, unless he could establish fully a claim to a rank superior to his own—and that too pretty clearly; in which resolution he began to stride across the chamber with becoming dignity. At this moment the officer in question entered the apartment, and proceeded to inspect its conveniencies without observing the occupier, who with three formidable strides approached the intruder, and demanded what he wanted: which question was answered by the officer's saying, that he wished to have the quarters in which he then stood.

"You shall *not* have them, Sir," replied the little gentleman; (he was about four feet four

inches in height; but a very respectable and dapper member of the army.) "You shall not have them, Sir—I am determined on that."

"Pray Sir," demanded the stranger with astonishment, "may I be permitted to inquire what is your *rank* in the army?"

"*My* rank, Sir," replied the little disputant, considerably irritated; "*my* rank, Sir!"—At this moment he put his two hands into his side pockets in a style that perfectly astonished the listener—"I am, Sir—since you must know my rank—I am, Sir, MR. LEWIS, APOTHECARY TO THE FORCES!"

"Indeed!" replied the stranger, "that rank, I presume, in taking quarters is equivalent to a Lieutenant's?"

"Yes, Sir, it is, Sir," rejoined the Apothecary to the Forces; "and now, Sir, let me ask you, Sir, what is *your* rank, Sir?"

"The only difference between our respective ranks is this," said the stranger, "that you are Apothecary to the Forces;—I am *Commander-in-Chief* of the same forces; and now, Sir, I order you, to be out of these quarters in half an hour!"

The tiny gentleman stared; and with the most

polite and submissive bow, (when he had recovered from the consternation into which the explanation had thrown him,) pulled out his watch and said, "*Half an hour?* your lordship—*half an hour?* that's very short notice indeed:—say *thirty-five* minutes, and it shall be done."

The Commander-in-Chief nodded assent, and laughing heartily, left the little gentleman to take *his own time* in removing.

THE HUSSAR AND THE COMMISSARY;

OR,

"MY COUSIN," THE MARQUIS.

It is an even chance
That bridegrooms, after they are fairly *groom'd*,
May retrograde a little in the *dance*.

BYRON.

THAT "*a cobler should stick to his last,*" is a homely old saying, of infinite worth, were men to act upon the spirit which it inculcates; but, unfortunately, like many other wholesome things, it is too often rejected as unpalatable, if not neglected altogether. The danger of the infraction of this maxim, however, has been proved by men of every grade, from the highest to the lowest—from Cobler Buonaparte down to Cobler Cobbett—the one march-

ed to Russia, and lost the world by it; the other trudged to Windsor, and gained but a laugh for his pains. Ambition is at the bottom of all this: that passion which killed alike the Roman Cato and the London Daw. The one slew himself that he might not witness his rival's success; the other died of grief because he could not bear to see his *walk* upon the stage usurped by an understrapper. Poor Daw had played for many years the fore leg of the elephant in Blue Beard with *éclat*—he was the *original* leg; and it broke his heart to find himself thrown into the background, by being obliged to take the *hind*,* instead of his foremost character. But this is a digression; let us return to our adage—"A cobler should stick to his last," and proceed to an illustration of it in an affair which happened at Lisbon, in 1813.

A Commissariat clerk was on duty in that city at this period, who possessed a handsome wife. With his pay and allowances, amounting to about 180*l.* a-year, he managed to live very comfortably, enjoying the society of his brethren, and appearing,

* For the history of this melancholy occurrence, see Colman's *Broad Grins.*

in every respect, a gentleman. But, unfortunately for him, the British Ambassador, then at Lisbon, (Lord Charles Stuart,) according to custom, gave periodical balls; and what was still more unfortunate, these balls were open to every respectable member of the army who might choose to attend. Of this privilege the wife of the gentleman in question determined to avail herself, and prevailed on her husband to accompany her. Whether it required much persuasion to accomplish the consent of the latter, is not known; but certain it is, that they both attended the balls, and "turned out" in a style that would not have disgraced a Commissary-general. Besides the expensive circle of acquaintance into which this attendance at the Ambassador's balls must necessarily have led a *married* man, another and greater evil soon and clearly manifested itself. The Hussar brigade had then just arrived at Lisbon, splendidly equipped; and, of course, its members figured as the *lions* of the ball-room. Amongst them was a noble Marquis, a Captain, of elegant and insinuating manners, and remarkable for his gallantry in the field —of Venus; for he had not yet essayed in that of

Mars,—and with the Commissariat gentleman's wife the noble Captain danced. Without entering into a philosophical examination of the characters of women in general, let us assume, that few ladies, who know how to properly esteem the pleasures of dancing in public, could well have resisted the claims to admiration which a handsome Hussar, decorated with a title, and a pair of scarlet trowsers, all laced with gold, must have brought to his aid. The heroine of this page proved her taste, and admired the Marquis, as every lady possessing her susceptibility and her notions of the *beau ideal*, must have done. It is natural to look favourably upon those who admire us. Admiration possesses extraordinary procreative powers,—it even reproduces itself. The Marquis and the Commissariat clerk's wife became, on the first night of their dancing together, familiar acquaintances; nay, before the ball broke up, they were found to be *bona fide* relations—absolute cousins-German, by the mother's side! There is no doubt—they *were* cousins: the Marquis first traced the consanguinity, the lady was delighted at the discovery, and the credulous husband *believed it!* Many garru-

lous people, however, attempted to prove, that this cousinship was only got up, to *cozen* the Commissary, between the noble dancer and the sympathetic *danseuse*.* Be that as it may, both husband and wife felt highly honoured, as we have said, by the discovery; and the former invited the Marquis, most pressingly, to his quarters.

The noble relation became a frequent visitor, and the Commissary spoke of his "*Cousin, the Marquis,*" to all his acquaintances with exultation; nor was the lady backward in her civilities, for she entertained her guest at dinner—at tea—at supper—at all things, and at all times, within her power, in such a way, that the *cousins* were scarcely ever out of each other's society.

In about three weeks after the cousinship commenced, the Hussars were ordered up the country, to join the main body of the army, and the Marquis remained a few days behind, for the purpose of—what? Why, of making suitable arrangements to carry his fair *cousin* with him to the

* Since writing the above, diligent inquiry has been made into the family connexions of both, but the relationship could not be traced.

regiment, and away from the husband who had behaved so hospitably towards *him*, and so indulgently to *her!*

The Marquis took her off to Santarem, where his regiment lay; but, to the everlasting credit of that regiment, (which, by the by, has been so roughly, and perhaps unjustly, handled by public opinion) the Marquis was not permitted to join; for the facts of the *cozening* had galloped faster than the noble Captain's horses, and the officers set their faces against the affair. He was obliged to return to Lisbon, with the companion of his trip; when, after some fruitless endeavours to reconcile the disunited couple, he sent the lady to England, and thus patched up the honour of his name with his regiment.

The unhappy husband at first took the matter to heart; but soon overcame his feelings, and learned to despise both the wretched woman and her paramour.

It is but fair to mention, however, that the Marquis was not so *much* to blame as the lady in this transaction: he laid no siege for years, nor even months, before the citadel—capitulation al-

most came with the summons—the vanity of the woman was touched, and the spell awakened all her evil passions. Her husband was a man of good sense, (although in this instance he went "*beyond his last ;*") he possessed a good person, agreeable manners, and an affectionate and sincere heart ; yet this wife left him for an acquaintance of an hour ! Blame is always readier to fall upon the *man* than on the woman in affairs of this kind, and often very unjustly,—in this case decidedly so ; for although the Marquis acted foolishly and rashly, in *taking the wife away ;* yet the woman was not worth a thought who could be thus won. However, the only real sufferer, at present, is the unfortunate wife.

ALLEMAR AND ELLEN.

"Ah! why was ruin so attractive made?"

COLLINS.

LOVE is never so happy—so gay—so delightful—so fascinating, as when he decorates himself in military trappings; and had his little godship been consulted upon how his portrait ought to have been set forth by the poets and the artists, I have no doubt but he would have directed them to have pictured him in the dress of a soldier. He always has delighted in camps and barracks; the clashing of arms sets his heart into a glow, and the sound of the drum makes him flutter his wings like a rising lark. Yet, with all this preference for the profession of the sword, his happiness

is seldom long-lived, and he is often—very often, found weeping over his broken joys—or toys, as they may be—in bitterness, as proportionately poignant as his pleasures were vivid. For the truth of this, I appeal to the individuals of the British army who have served with the little deity, and to those who are still better judges—their sweethearts.

Amongst the many instances of romantic and unfortunate love which have fallen under my observation in the service, is the case of a friend of mine—a young officer of the **th regiment of infantry—to which are attached circumstances so interesting, that I feel I shall not be intruding on my readers in sketching a brief history of its light and shade.

Without giving the real names of the parties, in doing which I should not feel myself warranted, I will tell the story; and it will not, I hope, lose its title to credence, by romantic substitutes. Let us then call one Allemar, and the other Ellen.

Allemar was about four-and-twenty when he first saw Ellen: she was not then quite sixteen; and although not altogether the "*angelic*" and

"*ætherial*" beauty which he imagined her to be, and as which his passionate language was wont to speak of her, yet was she a sweet girl—such a girl as one, possessing her, would not be inclined to change for another, although a thousand beauties were given him for choice:—yellow-silky hair —fine expressive blue eyes—teeth like ivory—middle size—shape like Venus herself:—gentle, yet acute in thought; and as musical in her soul as the spheres are said to be in their bodies. *He* was a manly, open-hearted—and, what his companions called—a good-looking fellow; but the ladies of his acquaintance (and the ladies are the best judges in the world of such matters) all agreed that he was irresistible amongst them—whether from his manliness of person, his elegance of mind, or his suavity of manners; or whether from the happy combination of these three qualifications, I am not prepared to say—but certain it is that he was "the man for the ladies."

When first he marched into the town of ***** in his light-infantry dress, on the flank of his company, the band merrily playing, and the sun brightly glistening on his accoutrements, *I ween*—

as bards say—he disturbed many a quiet heart, and kept many bright eyes from sleeping so well as they before had been accustomed to do. The regiment was covered with white dust, and the summer's sun gave the countenances of the men a fresh and ruddy appearance. When the officers retired to the inn, and were lounging at its parlour windows, out of the many beautiful females who passed and repassed, (for ladies have always a deal of out-door work to do—such as visiting, shopping, &c.—on the day a new regiment marches into a town,) few did not look kindly on my friend Allemar. I witnessed their glances, and, to do the dear angelic beings justice, they expressed their meaning in the most mistressly manner.

However, Ellen was not amongst them; nor did Allemar meet with her until two months after his arrival at ****. He was, however, not unknown to *her*, although she was completely so to him: she seldom passed a day without seeing him, and with each sight increased her disposition to see him again. At length, they were introduced to each other at the house of a mutual acquaintance; and from that hour they were never happy

asunder. Their opportunities of meeting were, at first, not very frequent, owing to the prudent vigilance of her widowed mother and a dragon of an old maiden relation, who had little else to do but attend to Ellen's morals: however, Allemar was fortunate enough to attract the kind notice of this antique virgin, and therefore found his opportunities of conversing with his beloved increase. I have often been present when they met during a rural walk, and from what I witnessed in the ancient lady's manner towards my friend, I have no doubt that she regarded him with a tenderness wholly incompatible with their relative ages. And so changed, too, in her general demeanour!—From a stiff, cold, sour, puritanical Duenna, she, all on a sudden, was transformed into a giggling, foolish, taudry-dressed flirt. Instead of an umbrella she now carried a yellow parasol; and although seldom without clogs of a moist day before, now ambled in blue-satin shoes. Her conversation, too, was now on the beautiful tints of the clouds—the varieties and fragrance of the flowers—illustrating her opinions by quotations from Darwin's "Loves of the Plants." She

would sigh as she spoke to Allemar of the happiness of true friendship, and the sweets of retirement with those "we *esteemed!*"—There is no doubt of it—she *was* in love with him, and this love was very nigh proving the means of depriving poor Allemar of his Ellen for ever; for when she found that her hints, and her sighs, and her languishes, were all thrown away upon him, and that he was not only the lover, but the beloved of her beautiful relation, she turned out the most terrible of all she dragons that ever opened a mouth. But enough of her, let her go to the—the place to which all superannuated maids must go at last:—she has nothing more to do with my story—so *adieu!*

Allemar and Ellen met, and met again;—they walked together by the moonlight, and parted often as the day peeped over them—they loved truly, passionately, virtuously:—they seemed made for each other; and to have divided such would have been the scathing of all that is divine in love—the destruction of all that such lovers value more than existence itself.

However, they were obliged to separate; but not without a hope of meeting again. Allemar's

regiment was ordered to march for Portugal; and as Ellen's friends were not disposed to let her marry at that time—even had Allemar received the consent of his—it was agreed upon between the lovers, that they should wait a more favourable opportunity of uniting in matrimony: at the same time, pledging each other to eternal faith in love.

It was in May the regiment received the route; and Allemar passed the night previous to marching in sweet converse with his beloved Ellen. What a romantic night! Let the reasoner say what he will—let the philosopher prate with his cold tongue—there is nothing of more real worth to the heart than the sweets of early love;—and the hour of parting between two true and virtuous lovers is a melancholy pleasure, perhaps equalling in tender delight their happiest meeting. It was a beautiful night—there was not a breath of wind; and the moon, shining brightly down, threw a fairy light over the whole scene.

On this night, as the clock struck twelve, the enthusiastic and romantic Allemar stood under Ellen's window, in the orchard which was beneath it, and with his enchanting voice, accompanied by an old harper—such as we read of in

romance—and a "*second*" from me, serenaded his Beloved. The harp was a small one, but well-toned;—the harper was a fine bass singer—a man whose pupil in music Allemar was—and I, although but an indifferent vocalist, made up the trio. The scene—the time—the music—the circumstance of parting—all conspired to impress me with an idea of a romantic dream, the memory of which can never leave me. These are the words of the

SERENADE.

I.

LOVER.

(*Two Voices.*)

SWEET maid, arise!—
Yon high bright moon,
Love's light, alone,
Shines like thy beauty in the deep blue skies.
The winds are gone to rest;
The heavens all silent watch for thee—
This hour—this hour is blest—
Oh! haste—come down to me!

HARPER.

(*Bass—One Voice.*)

I see the light, and the lattice moves,
And her dark eye looks for the youth she loves—
Sing on—sing on!

Though the harper's old, yet the harp he bears
Has the fire of youth, for the lovers' prayers—
Sing on—sing on—sing on!

TRIO.

Sweet love, arise!—
Yon high bright mo on,
Love's light, alone,
Shines like thy beauty in the deep blue skies.

II.

LOVER.

(*Two Voices.*)

Far, far away,
Yon high bright moon
Soon, sweetest, soon
Shall gaze down between us, o'er the wide wide sea.
She waits our fond farewell,
That when I 'm miles and miles from thee,
She many a night may tell
Of this sweet hour to me.

HARPER.

(*Bass—One Voice.*)

Didst see the maid, and her hand so white,
As she kissed it to thee, in the soft moonlight?
Good night—good night!
She comes—she comes!—and I hear her tread—
Oh, happiest youth!—oh, happiest maid!
Good night! good night! good night!

TRIO.

Far, far away,
Yon high bright moon
Soon, sweetest, soon
Shall gaze down between us, o'er the wide wide sea.

The regiment marched at sunrise; and my friend with it. He went to Portugal, but returned at the end of the year on sick leave (*love*-sick leave, no doubt), and was happily married to his Ellen. They lived together for six months; when Allemar was obliged to join his regiment, then stationed before Bayonne; and as every body expected an immediate peace, the friends of Ellen wished her to remain at home, hoping that when the war was at an end, her husband's regiment would be ordered back to England. However, when Allemar had been but a month gone, the mother of Ellen died. As soon as her feelings for the loss of her beloved parent had subsided into calm, she determined to proceed to join her husband—the only being now in whose society she could be happy. For this purpose, she wrote to him, and having arranged every thing for her departure, she, and a female servant, were pro-

vided with a passage on board a commodious transport for St. Jean De Luz, and sailed with a fair wind for the Bay of Biscay.

The letter she wrote to apprize her husband of her intention, breathed for him the most passionate affection; and it was certainly not thrown away upon Allemar: his love for her was, if possible, greater than her's for him. He was like a moping hypochondriac at Bayonne, before he received this letter; but immediately on its receipt, became the most lively, spirited, and pleasant officer in the corps. He and I have often walked along the beach, looking out for the expected ship and the scenes of happiness which he anticipated formed the subject generally of our conversation —he talked of going on half-pay if peace should take place, and to live a rural life—then he would describe, in glowing terms, the happiness of contentment and retirement, in comparison with the ambition, toil, and peril, of a soldier's life. These and such were the dreams of fancy, in which we used to indulge, when wandering by the sea-side.

About a fortnight after he had received the letter announcing his wife's resolution to join him,

the weather became very stormy; and one morning, after breakfast, Allemar came to me with an expression of anxiety in his face, which he could not disguise: he seemed cold, and was endeavouring to check, by internal efforts, a certain trembling which was evident all over his frame. I asked him what was the matter. He replied, that a fleet of transports were in sight, and as it blew so violently, great fear was entertained by the pilots, with whom he had spoken, that many of them would be driven on shore; for in such weather, to make the port was impossible. I saw how things were, but I consoled my friend as much as I possibly could, by seeming to laugh at the idea of such danger.

We hastened down to the beach, and there joined a group of navy officers, French pilots, fishermen, &c., whose remarks upon the vessels in the offing were such as to give rise to the most serious apprehensions in me for the safety of my friend's wife, should she be so unfortunate as to have come on board one of the ships then struggling with an increasing tempest on a lee-shore. I pitied my friend from my heart, when I looked

at his face and saw the workings of his feelings there so strongly depicted.

He would not move from the beach the whole day, except occasionally to make inquiries in the town of St. Jean de Luz, as to the means of assistance to be rendered the vessels in case of necessity. By his field-glass he often fancied he saw the letters which marked the transport in which his Ellen sailed, and was as often set right by me. The vessel in which she took her passage, was marked A. Z. T., in letters of two feet in length; and the glass nearly dropped from my hand, when I perceived the identical letters on the quarter of a brig which had been all the morning nearly out of sight, but now approached the land. I could not tell my friend of what I saw; but he too soon confirmed my discovery, and clasping his hands in the most intense agony of mind, cried out, "It *is* the ship—O God, protect her!"

We hastened to the port, where my friend, half distracted, called on the boatmen to go out; but the answer was, that they did not think any of the ships would go aground; and also that the sea was too rough for boats. However, by the means of

gold, he persuaded a couple of hardy and brave French fishermen to attempt the assistance of the ship, in which he believed his wife then to be. The boat in which they were to put off for the transport was as large as the Deal boats, and with Deal smugglers on board, might "live" through any sea: great hopes, therefore, were entertained that the fisherman would be successful.

My friend insisted on going along with them, and when he was about to step into the boat he handed me his keys; then shaking me heartily by the hand, gave me to understand what he dared not speak—nor, indeed, could I have heard—without exhibiting a woman's weakness. As it was, we were not far from it—a word would have unmanned us.

The boat bounded away from the harbour over the high surges, shaping her course well for her object; and considering that she had to beat to windward, she made wonderful progress: however, it was four o'clock ere she got within half a mile of the vessel. The tempest was now increasing frightfully — the worn out transports seemed as if they were giving up the ghost to

the overwhelming storm—none carried more canvass than topsails close reefed, and the opinion of every one on the beach was, that all would be wrecked if the weather did not change. It was getting dark: I saw the boat labouring amidst the hills of foaming water, and the ship was within hail of her. It darkened:—we could see no more of either boat or ships; and could only ascertain what direction they were in by the flashes of the occasional guns of distress which some of them fired. It was a sickening sight. I knew not what to do:—I *could* do nothing—except, indeed, offer up my prayers for the safety of the poor souls that were hurling over the frightful abyss of horrors.*

Guns were repeated and repeated; but no assistance could those on shore render the ships. I was bewildered;—I wandered home—back again—lay down—arose restless—watched the daylight; and then was the horrid reality:—the ship had gone to pieces; so had the boat—my dear

* In this terrific storm between thirty and forty transports were lost, on board one of which were General Baron Bock and his gallant son.

friend, and all his dream of happiness, gone! Not a being either in the ship or boat was saved, and the bodies of Allemar and Ellen were washed on shore about a mile below St. Jean de Luz.

This catastrophe has since caused me many painful reflections. The manner in which the lovers met and died in the tempest, was before my eyes night and day for a long time after it happened: indulging in these melancholy thoughts, I drew the following imaginative picture of their fate:—

Along by the sea-cliff as Allemar hied,
To wear the sad moments away,
With sorrow he view'd the increase of the tide,
Look'd o'er the dark breast of the ocean, and sigh'd
"My Ellen—ah! why dost thou stay?"

Three sunsetting hours did he visit the shore,
Thrice viewed the slow ebb of the tide;
For the ship was expected full three days before,
To crown all his hopes, and his Ellen restore—
His gentle—his beautiful bride.

The twilight was rapidly lessening his view,
Black hillocks uprose on the main;
Now stronger and stronger the whistling wind blew,
And clouds through the heavens as rapidly flew
As thoughts across Allemar's brain.

The surf now began to redouble its force,
As it broke at the foot of the rock;
Wave rode upon wave in their hurrying course,
The raven flew home, while his croaking so hoarse,
As he pass'd, seem'd the surges to mock.

Now comes the loud thunder—now flies the bleak rain—
Now flash after flash follows on:
In horror poor Allemar looks o'er the main;
Now turns he away, and now gazes again,—
There 's the ship—see the flash—'tis a gun!

'Tis the call of distress to the heart of the brave:—
Enough!—he determines to dare
Ev'ry fury that rode on the terrible wave,
And there, 'midst their horrors, to perish, or save
His Ellen—oh, should she be there!

He 's away in his bark, and all clear of the shore—
"Holy Mary," the fishermen pray.
He plied at the sail, and he plied at the oar,
And he toss'd for an hour in the billows' uproar;
But the ship she was still far away.

And he toss'd, and he toss'd on the fathomless grave,
In the midst of the mountains of foam,
While fast came the night, and still faster the wave;—
Back—back with thy bark, and thyself seek to save,
For the ship has already her doom!

No—onward he went, till across his dark way
He perceived, by the lightning so bright,
A plank of the wreck—there a white figure lay,
Wash'd over and over by every sea;—
It was Ellen—O God, what a sight!

E'er pass'd the red flashes, he seized on his prize—
Oh, think how the lover was blest!
He chafed her—he kiss'd her—she open'd her eyes;—
"I 've saved thee, my Ellen!" poor Allemar cries,
As he presses her close to his breast.

How deceitful and vain were his hopes and his boast—
He saw not the ill that was nigh;
The last ray of twilight in darkness was lost,
And, alas! he was more than a mile from the coast—
Not a star could be seen in the sky!

"I 've saved thee, my Ellen!" he wildly repeated—
Life rose in her heart at the sound—
"We are safe," she replied—but how suddenly fleeted
The false light of hope which their love had created!—
The horror of truth was around.

Still loud raged the storm, and still wild roll'd the wave—
Will Heav'n not the fond lovers save?
They kiss—and they cling—and the shriek:—Oh, dismay!—
Break—break not upon them, dark billow!—away!—
It is past—they are sunk in the wave!

THE COUP DE GRACE.

"*Pat.* Holloa! Sergeant, I have caught a Tartar.
Sergt. Then bring him along with you.
Pat. He won't come.
Sergt. Then come without him.
Pat. He won't let me.
Sergt. Ho! ho! is that the way *you* catch a Tartar?"

HIBERNIAN JOKE.

To those officers who happened to have been on sick leave at Belem, near Lisbon, in 1810 and 11, General P****** must "of a verity" be well known: few, indeed, could have sojourned many days in that invalid retirement, without having observed the stooped shoulder, topped by the shallow cocked-hat, and covered with the eternal blue frock-coat, stealing along close to the wall upon a tall English horse. Who of those have

not been haunted by the said phantom, at some time or other, if perchance in order to relax the dreary and monotonous hours of a sick chamber, they dared to meet on the road to enjoy a little cheerful conversation? Terrible, indeed, was this evening apparition—this warning spirit, who like the death fetch came to *fetch* the sick away! No tom cat ever paid more determined attention to mouse-catching pastime, than did the General to his favourite pleasure of pouncing upon the invalid officer, who but dared to show himself out of his melancholy quarters. He conceived that no man could possibly be sick, who was able to move his legs; and if a half dead officer could but smoke a cigar, or twist the corners of his mouth into a smile, the whole medical staff could not have persuaded the General out of his opinion, that such a person was not only in excellent health, but fit to brave the rudest weather, and the severest duties of the field.

It cannot be denied that, even among the *officers* of the peninsular army, there have been "*skulkers*" —men who, in order to avoid the necessary fatigues of a campaign, have "shammed" sickness, or

having been really ill, contrived to obtain sick leave for a long time after they had recovered; but such instances, highly to the credit of "the cloth," were very rare indeed.

Belem was the place appointed for sick officers, and General P******, no doubt in his zeal for the service, conceived that most of the residents there were (in his own phraseology) "*humbugging*;" he therefore, in addition to his proper duties, took upon himself those of the staff surgeons, and left no experiment untried for the cure of the malady which he believed epidemically to rage at Belem, namely, the *Idle Disease* or *Lazy Fever*. The treatment which he principally adopted was of the *stimulating* description; but, alas! his method of cure obtained no favour for him in the eyes of his patients.

It was common among those sick officers at Belem, whenever any of them in their walks happened to be so unlucky as to have met the General, to go home and make instant preparations for joining, whether capable of doing duty or not; for their names were sure to be in the garrison orders of the following day, for marching.

This system of *espionnage* was very naturally looked upon as cruel and insulting in the extreme; it rouzed the indignant feelings of all the officers against the General; but for obvious reasons they could not resent his proceedings in any other way than by demonstrations of contempt. One, however, a convalescent Lieutenant, who had

"Done the state some service,"

happened to have fallen within the General's *evening* eye: he was, in fact, as the phrase is, *dogged* a mile out of the town, and next day popped into orders for "*joining forthwith*," although still very weak, and a man

"—— Who never turned his back
On duty or the foe."

The Lieutenant prepared to obey, and the day previous to his departure, in riding through Lisbon, whither he had gone to purchase some articles necessary for his march, accompanied by a brother officer, he met General P. in one of the main streets, attended by his orderly dragoon—one of the Portuguese police. The Lieutenant, on perceiving him, allowed his friend to ride on, while he pulled up a little, so as to come very

slowly in front of the General. As soon as he breasted him, he stopped—affected an animated smile of recognition—took off his hat in a most respectful manner—held out his hand to the General, which was duly received; and, still smiling, griped his fingers as fast as if they were fixed in a vice, while he thus emphatically addressed him:—"Sir, an officer who has served in seven actions, and who has been thrice wounded, has the pleasure of telling you that you are a most *contemptible spy*, and a *disgrace to the commission you hold.* You are fit for no command unless it be in the police. Good morning, *mouchard.*" The General instantly called to the orderly dragoon;—"Listen to this officer," said he; "Mark him, Sir—mark his words, Sir." Then calling after the officer—who trotted off bowing politely—"Come back here, Sir—Mr.—— I say—do you hear, Sir?" he almost gasped with passion; but the Lieutenant was gone, and the General left with his orderly, who looked as apathetically as the statue in St. James's square.

The Lieutenant went home, but was not permitted to march so soon as he expected: for he

was placed in arrest, and his conduct submitted to the investigation of a court of inquiry, upon charges of mutinous conduct highly unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman, &c. &c., preferred against him by General P******.

The Court was composed of the highest officers in Lisbon, and on the awful day of inquiry, the General minutely detailed before it, the circumstance of which he had to complain. The Lieutenant, with an air of the utmost confidence totally denied the charges, and insinuated that the General must have laboured under some aberration of mind, or else had mistaken him for another person. The only witness of the transaction (the Portuguese dragoon) was called, who answered by an interpreter. His evidence was conclusive against the General: for, on being asked by the Court to describe what he had seen, he said that the Lieutenant met the General in the street—*took off his hat most politely—that the parties shook hands cordially*—that in a few moments they parted, the Lieutenant *bowing, with his hat off, most respectfully*:—and that then the General talked a good deal to himself.

"But, Sir," demanded the complainant petulantly, through the interpreter, "what did the Lieutenant *say?*" To which the evidence answered with a Portuguese shrug—"that he *did not understand a word of English*, but that he supposed the Lieutenant to have been *enquiring after the state of the General's health!*"

Further evidence in favour of the officer than the prosecutor's own witness was needless—the Lieutenant was released from his arrest, and the General obliged to "pocket the affront."

A VOLUNTEER OF FORTY.

——— "Seeking the bubble reputation,
Even in the cannon's mouth."

SHAKSPEARE.

CÆSAR was forty years of age before he fought his first battle; or, indeed, before he could be fairly said to have been a soldier: yet he became one of the most able and successful generals the Roman empire ever produced. This age in a general is by no means out of keeping with the wisdom and energy required to constitute a good commander: it may be rather considered as not sufficiently advanced, by at least from five to ten years. But an *ensign* of forty is a thing quite

out of character—a monstrous absurdity, as the army is now constituted; and if Cæsar himself had had to enter the Roman army in that grade, judging by our British scale of promotion, he never would have arrived at a brevet-majority. An Ensign is the boy of the colours—the page to regimental victory, whose chin should never bear a beard while he holds the post—a youthful soldier,—a Mars of fifteen, with the staff of his country's flag fixed firmly in the earth, supporting and supported by him, while the rough mustachioed band like rocks surround and shield him from the tempest of the fight. But a *Volunteer* of forty!—Is not that an odd production? I do not mean a "*City Volunteer*," nor a "*County Volunteer*;" but an individual who joins a regiment of the line on service in the field, by permission of its Colonel—clothes himself—and, although avowedly for the purpose of becoming soon an Ensign—and although received as a gentleman by the officers of the corps he joins, is drilled in the ranks, and fights as a private soldier. Such a man, I say, "begins at the beginning" of his profession, and has a tolerably long road to travel ere he obtain

his first commission—that of Ensign. A Volunteer of forty, then, is a ridiculous anomaly, a *rara avis in exercitu*, and (thank Minerva!) was even more scarce during the Peninsular war, than is a French Eagle in "this piping time of peace." However, we *had* one of those odd birds, *nigroque simillima cygno*, who flew out from his native hills in Cambria to the more classic mountains of the Pyrenees, at the very *latter end* of the very *last* campaign which the Anglo-Lusitanian army accomplished. Considering, then, this hero's age, and the time at which he joined the standard of war, every one must allow that he did not "begin at the beginning;" and it must appear equally evident that he never could have become a Cæsar, even though he had lived to the age of old Parr.

This military aspirant arrived at Passages a little after the siege of San Sebastian, and I happened to be on the verge of the quay, as the vessel which contained him brought up:—it was a wretched-looking schooner, and not at all engaged in the service; but contained, in addition to the *Volunteer*, a cargo of butter, cheese, and ready-made slops.

When her anchor was dropped, and the master

of the vessel, with his passenger, jumped on shore beside me, I thought the latter was the former, and the former a mate. Without hesitation I asked them had they come from England, and what news. The hero immediately furnished me with an abridgement of the preceding month's "*Times*" and "*Chronicle*," in such a peculiar way, and with such familiarity, that I immediately concluded I had caught hold of as odd a fish as ever came from the ocean; and I should have had no objection to examine him further, but the time which I had to spare was expired; and as he had concluded his *report*, I wished him good morning, stepped into the ferry-boat, and passed to the other side of the gut which divides the town.

When I had made the purchases of various articles of provision for which I had come to Passages, I went back to *Renteria*, the town in which I was quartered, and which is situated about a league from the former.

I had dined at home—(*home!* where is the soldier's home?) I had dined at my quarters at Renteria, and had strolled along the beach, listening to the boat-women singing as they crossed the lake of

Leso, when I saw the "new arrival" approaching the shore in a ferry-boat.

"Captain, Captain!" roared he out, "how are you *again*, Sir? I'll be with you in a moment."

Thus was I saddled with his company, rather against my will; but as I had nothing either to amuse or employ me at that moment, I submitted quietly, and we walked together towards the market-place. It was during this walk I learned that my companion was not the master of the butter-schooner, but a "Gentleman Volunteer," absolutely on his way to the head-quarters of the army. So sincerely did he assure me of this, ridiculous as it appeared, that I hesitated not to offer the hospitality of my quarters, which he very readily accepted, and we lost not a moment in proceeding to crack a bottle; or, rather, broach a pig-skin, for in such vessels was the wine of Renteria usually contained.

We sat together for a few hours, and I found that, in his new profession, my guest was an enthusiast of the most capacious calibre; yet upon other subjects rational, and sometimes acute. To carry the matter by comparison, I will say that

his intellect could have hit a thought, as a screw-barrelled pocket pistol might the ace of hearts, at ten paces, when aimed and discharged by a tolerably good shot—he would never fly a mile from it, but seldom if ever pop right through the centre. A short extract from the conversation of the evening will outline my man, far better than comment. This I will attempt from memory. In the dialogue, I will call him I. and myself II.—not that there were two to one against the Volunteer in any sense; but for the sake of brevity.

I. Yes, Captain, I have determined to join my gallant countrymen in their glorious cause, and lend a hand to pull down the tyrant Buonaparte.

II. That is laudable, Sir; but I fear it will not be very profitable to you.

I. Profitable! I don't much care for profit, so as I obtain well-earned promotion.

II. The war is now drawing to a close, and it will be difficult to succeed in your hopes.

I. The war, Sir, will never end. Excuse me, Sir—when I say never, I say only with the everlasting Scriptures, "We shall have wars and wars and rumours of wars." Besides, Sir, the Russians,

and Prussians, and Austrians, and even British, I fear, cannot effectually overcome that scourge of civil liberty, Napoleon.

II. Pardon me, Sir, I think his day is drawing to a close.

I. Impossible! the hordes of the North must vanish before him, even like the chaff before the wind. England is the only hope.

II. Be that as it may: your Ensigncy will not be very long coming, if you get it at the fall of Buonaparte.

I. I would give up all my hopes to see him fall; for in taking the crown, he betrayed the cause that raised him to glory.

II. Then I suppose you say, he sold liberty for a *crown?*

I. Precisely. Look at Cromwell, Sir; the man, like David, after God's own heart—*he* reigned without a crown. Look at the Roman republic, Sir—*that* was sold for a crown. Look to America —no crowns there.

II. If you have such objections to crowns, why wish to fight for them?

I. Indeed, Sir, I am now only—a—talking as it were—a—on public matters. I am as loyal as any man.

II. 'Pon my honour, if opinions upon such subjects were often canvassed in the army, even by men of half your age, they would stand but a poor chance of promotion.

I. Half my age:—how old do you think I am?

II. About fifty-two.

I. What!—Oh, you joke.

II. Well, how old *are* you?

I. I 'm not yet forty.

II. Forty! that 's pretty well, I think, for a Volunteer.

I. It is, in my mind, the proper age for every thing which requires the full energy of the mind; and what calls for *that* more than the art of war? I always had a taste for the noble profession—I have *taught* military tactics.

II. Taught!

I. Yes, Sir, taught—and some of my pupils are now Captains in the local militia.

II. Indeed!

I. Yes, Sir; I led the business of one of the first schools in England.

II. God bless me!

I. Forty! Have you read Cæsar, Sir?—*Omnis Gallia divisa est in partes tres, &c.*—*He* was beyond that age, when his talents came into the field. Look at Washington, Sir, that "*patriæ Columen*"—*he* was also beyond that age when he took up arms. Cromwell, too—see what a soldier he became. Pichegru, also, was at my age before he was made an officer. And let me tell you, Sir, that boys are *not* fit to command—give me the man, whose sense and judgment are matured. I don't mind two years as Ensign;—I get my Lieutenancy before I am forty-two: there are now many Lieutenants older than that, Sir.—Well—I know the use of tactics, and as to fighting—give me an opportunity. I wish I had been out time enough for the storming of San Sebastian! Let me have but an opportunity—I 'll die in the breach, or I 'll be promoted. I have entered the temple of Mars, Sir,—I have shaken the *Ancilia*—I have waved his sacred spear, and

I have cried "*Mars, Vigilia!*" But, Sir, this is my motto:—

"ὁτι εν τῳ πολεμῳ αλλ' εργων χρεία."

Do you understand that?

II. I see you are very enthusiastic.

I. And is there any thing to be done without it?

II. You are right. Come fill your glass again, Sir.

I. Oh, by George! I have filled too often: I have taken two glasses for your one; but pleasant company, and good wine, are persuasive arguments. Your very good health, Sir; and although you are not three-and-twenty, and I am forty, we shall see who will run up the hill fastest. Excuse me—"*Palmam qui meruit ferat.*" Your health, Sir.

II. I hope you will not be like Tantalus, in the waters of promotion.

I. What!—

Tantalus à labris sitiens fugientia captat
Flumina.

Give me your hand, Sir; you are a classical scholar,—Horace,—I can see that:—I respect you, Sir;—I re-*spect* you, Sir.

II. What do you think of an ensign, who passed from the age of seventeen to forty-seven without promotion?

I. He must have had no education,—knew nothing,—nothing of tactics,—nothing of the art of war. I have made it my study; I am well acquainted with the best schools of warfare—the Grecian, the Roman, and the modern. Granicus, Marathon, and Pharsalia, are familiar to me. I have made myself acquainted with the characters of every great conqueror, from Charles the Twelfth, who was my favourite, down to Lord Wellington. The Duke of Marlborough's campaigns I have deeply studied, and know every move in the battles of Fredlingen, Scardigen, Schwemmingen, Spinbach, Shellenberg, Blenheim, and Ramillies. In short, Sir, if I do not succeed, it will be my own fault.

II. With those qualifications for the military profession, it is to be lamented that you did not embrace it earlier in life.

I. If I had taken up the profession earlier, I should not have been so well qualified. A series of years devoted to the instruction of young gen-

tlemen, in—not only military science—but of general learning, afforded me the very qualification by which I hope to rise in the army.

II. Come, fill again; you are not doing any thing at all.

I. Doing! Ecod, I am doing away with my brains, and I 'm half done over; but a pleasant companion and good wine, I say again, are not to be resisted—

Solis æterna est Phœbo Bacchoque juventa.

Isn't that right, eh?

II. *Tunc dolor et curæ* RUGA*que frontis abit.*

I. Excellent! good! fine! give me your hand.—Ovid, Sir—good! I respect you, Sir; I reverence you, Sir. You 'll be a general; you 'll be a great commander, depend upon it. I 'll fill a bumper; there, there, there! and now—here is wishing you every success—may you be a field-marshal!

II. Thank you; thank you:—when I *am*, I 'll recommend you for promotion, and do for all your sons.

I. Sons! I have no sons. I may say with the great North American Chief,—"There runs not one drop of my blood in any living creature."

II. But this may not be so hereafter.

I. That 's all over, Sir. I once approached the steps of Hymen's altar; but the torch of the god was quenched: it never shall be lighted for me again.

II. Ah! I suppose you were jilted?

I. Jilted! Sir, I was shamefully treated. I, for three years, courted a young lady; she was every thing to me; she personified the woman I all my life pictured in my imagination. She was two-and-twenty — tall — fine countenance — bold outline of features;—danced—played;—a perfect scholar, Sir.

II. Take care you don't make such a beautiful form now, that, like Pygmalion, you will break your rash vow, and pray for the animated reality.

I. Oh, Sir; you delight me. Your classic conversation—I am glad,—glad,—very glad of your acquaintance.

II. Well, about the lady.

I. Ah, Sir! (*a deep sigh.*) I courted her for nearly three years; she approved—I approved—father and mother approved; and I had absolutely engaged to take a house, Sir—fine, spacious

premises, fit for an extensive sch — seminary,—ladies' seminary; for she was the daughter of the gentleman whose business I had conducted. Well, Sir, we were to be married; and what do you think?—Damn me! if she didn't run away with a Sergeant of the Lancers, two days previous to our intended wedding!—Ah, Sir! (*deep sigh*) that broke down my habits of business. I gave up every thing connected with seminaries, or schools, or private tuition, and applied to General Dizzyman, for whom my father always votes: he gave me a letter to Colonel Pepperton, and I am now on my way to that gentleman. It produced a shock, Sir; but the life of a soldier will, I hope, make all things right again.

II. Hang all the sex!

I. Hang them all, I say, three times over—the jilts—the runaway wretches!

My guest now grew melancholy: he helped himself to more wine, and gradually fell into an unintelligible grumble. The poor fellow had no quarter; and as it was late, I could not think of turn-

ing him out, so applied to the *Patron* of my *Caza* for assistance. He was a good man, and offered a bed; so I directed my servant to lead my guest to his repose.

Next morning he was gone; but at about nine o'clock, as I was about to breakfast, he returned, came into my room and requested me to look out of the window at a purchase which he had made for twenty dollars. I looked out: it was a miserable donkey which he had that moment bought from a Portuguese. On its back was strapped an old saddle, with a still more veteran valise attached to it, while a pair of boots, balanced by a striped blue handkerchief full of sundry articles of provision, hung across the animal's neck. With perfect good humour the adventurer philosophized on the poverty of his stud and baggage, giving me several appropriate quotations. We then sat down, and after eating a hearty breakfast of chocolate, eggs, and cold beef, he took his leave of me, mounted the ass, and proceeded slowly on the road to Irun, where the regiment to which he had his introduction was stationed.

I heard no more of the Volunteer until the day

on which our troops crossed the Bidassoa—about three weeks after his departure from Renteria. It was in the evening, and about a mile from Irun, on the high road. He was walking in custody of the Provost Marshal—had on a red *coatee*, torn and bemudded—his head without its proper covering, and his whole aspect that of a madman. He recognized me in a moment, and my presence seemed to calm the rage which burnt within him, —to the no small delight of the Provost, who evidently had been very much troubled in the management of his charge. A part of the dialogue which passed between us I will try to recollect:—

Myself. What have you been doing?

Volunteer. Doing? I have been doing thankless work. I am disgusted with the service, Sir. A man of mind or genius has no business in it.

Myself. Bless me! what can all this mean?

Provost. The gentleman has been playing the very devil in front, Sir, and the General has ordered me to see that he goes to the rear.

Volunteer. Ay, playing the devil, Captain Provost. I wanted to prevent *them* from playing the devil; that stupid Colonel of mine knows no

more of military tactics than a horse. Now mark you, Sir—the column of subdivisions was ordered to change its direction on a moveable pivot: "Left shoulders forward" was given instead of "*right shoulders forward*," and I of course—thinking for the best—cried out to the Captain of the company I belonged to, that he was wrong; when he ordered me out of the ranks. I wouldn't be treated so; therefore went up to the Colonel to speak with him on the subject, when the French began to fire grape shot in amongst us. The regiment halted before crossing the river, while the shot was coming thicker and thicker; so I was determined to tell my mind—for a good commanding officer would have moved his men a little under cover,—and I called out to the Colonel to advance, or to move by an *oblique echelon* to the left, in order to get the men under a high bank. What d'ye think, Sir?—he said he 'd order me to be flogged if I did not immediately go to the rear! The column at this moment received a shower of shot which knocked some down; so, in the confusion of eight or ten of the men near the river, I was thrown off the bank—souse in the water, and was carried

down luckily to the ford, or I should have been lost. I scrambled out—look how wet I am—and went back to the regiment, when the Colonel sent me to be flogged by the Provost: and if the General, God bless him! had not fortunately been riding by, I should have been disgracefully punished; but he asked what the matter was, and then sent me to the rear in charge of this gentleman.

Myself. Really, I think you acted very imprudently by interfering with the command.

Provost. Lord bless you, Sir; he threw the men into the greatest ferment and confusion.

Volunteer. I 'll tell you, Sir, that they are all ignorant fellows—all, Sir. I did every thing for the best, and this is the way I was treated: the fact of the matter is, the service is disgusting, and I will immediately return to England.

Myself. Where is your cap?

Volunteer. It was shot off my head a little before I was thrown into the Bidassoa.

I now prepared to part from my quondam acquaintance, for the day was advancing, and I had yet two leagues to go; so I recommended him

to call at my late quarters at Renteria, where he would be hospitably received by the owner of the house: he thanked me, and relaxing into a smile as he nearly squeezed my hand off, he emphatically exclaimed, "I have this, at least, to consolate me:—I have stood the fire of the foe, and swam in the stream that waters Fontarabia: with the poet I may exclaim.

> 'Certe ego transilui positas ter in ordine flammas,
> Virgaque rorales *laurea misit aquas.*'"

Thus we parted, and resumed our opposite marches—I for the front, and the volunteer, with his escort, for Renteria.

THE HALF-PAY CAPTAIN.

"'Tis of little import, Corporal. A gallant soldier's memory will flourish, though humble turf be osier-bound upon his grave. The tears of his country will moisten it."

COLMAN.

On a cold and snowy night, in the winter of 1823, I was passing through the Strand, on my way home from a formal dinner-party, when I stepped into one of those houses of entertainment which abound in that semi-fashionable neighbourhood which skirts the occidental line of aristocratic demarcation—Charing Cross. Although this house had assumed the dignified appellation of *tavern*, the only claim it possessed to such distinction, was the display of a few mutton-chops, a plate of mutton kidneys, and two fine heads of celery,

in the window. Nor was it what is termed "a *public-house*—

> "Where 'bacco-pipes, and clumsy pots of beer
> Regale the crowd:"

but might be said to have fixed its intrinsic rank midway between the two. It possessed a neat and comfortable parlour for public use, and, although perfumed by tobacco, and moistened by homely ale, neither vulgar "pipe" nor clumsy "pot" disgraced it—the segar, in its "naked beauty," and the brightly polished pewter-vessel, there repelled the rabble, and imparted their cheering pleasures to respectable visitors. The evening paper was there—and so was the "*Times*," to read both of which, as well as to escape a heavy fall of snow, I opened the parlour-door, took a seat at an agreeable distance from a fine blazing fire, and was soon accommodated with the newspaper, together with a cup of smoking-hot brandy and water.

There were five persons in the parlour, each at a separate table, but all conversing freely together on that never-ending and purely English topic—the weather. One of them, however, but seldom

spoke, and then it was when addressed by others of the company: he seemed by his air, and the formation of a threadbare and well-brushed blue frock coat, to belong to the army, and I at once set him down as one of "the cloth."

"Waiter, give me a Welsh-rabbit," said this gentleman, in a mild voice to the attendant of the room, and then took up the newspaper, which he continued to peruse until his supper was brought in.

While he was reading, I had an opportunity of observing him closely: he was bald, except on the sides of the head, and there the thin hair was grey: his face was thin, his cheeks rather hollow, and his large and expressive eyes overshadowed by strongly marked brows: his figure was tall, but wasted; and from the oppressed and hurried way in which he breathed, it was evident that his health was broken. The whole of his dress was extremely clean, but almost worn out. I could perceive that his boots, on which the strong blaze of the fire fell, were in no state to guard the invalid who wore them from the dangerous effects of the melting snow, over which he must tread on his return

home. When I thought of this, and considered that it might cause his death, or at least encrease his illness, I sincerely pitied his situation. I felt as if I had already learnt his history, and beheld in him the ruins of a genuine military gentleman.

On addressing my conversation occasionally to him, I found that he was by no means so reserved as at first I imagined; and in a short time we fell into a lively and an interesting chat. I politely asked him if he would take a little brandy and water; but he excused himself, although pressed, by saying that his health would not permit him to drink more than half a pint of porter: this, he said, he took usually in the evening. "Wine," said he, "is too expensive in London, or I should certainly prefer it." I immediately requested the waiter to bring some wine; but of this the gentleman also refused to partake—and in such a manner that I felt I should have wounded his feelings by pressing my request farther.

We were now undisturbed by general observations; for when the others in the room perceived we were not at all disposed to join them in chat, they continued to discuss the topics of the day with-

out interrupting us. We conversed for about two hours, and I was never more delighted than by his conversation. Military affairs was the subject: we had both served in the Peninsula, and consequently talked of many mutual acquaintances, living and dead: this made us so far familiar, that he gave me an outline of his professional life.

He had entered the army as ensign in 1790, and had served in both the East and West Indies, Holland, and the Peninsula—obtained his Lieutenancy by chance, and his company by purchase. At the close of the last war he was placed on half-pay; in which state he remained: nor could he succeed in obtaining a return to full pay, notwithstanding his long services: this, however, was owing to the great reductions made in the army after the war. He was a native of Bath,—the son of a clergyman whose interest in the church was considerable at the time he became an Ensign; and he assured me, that had he taken his father's advice and embraced the profession of the church instead of the army he would have been a rich man—not a poor pensioner with a ruined constitution, and without hopes of better days in this world:

"But," said he, "I was fond of gaiety—the fine uniform of the army caught my young mind, and pleased a beautiful and interesting young lady whom I afterwards married; so I gave up the reality for the shadow:" these were his expressions. His wife died in the West Indies, and left him two daughters: they grew up: both married officers in the army: one went to Sierra Leone and died: the other went to Madras; but whether alive or dead he did not know, not having heard from her for eleven months. All his relations were extinct. "I returned," said he, "from Waterloo, where I was slightly wounded, and on going down to Bath met my father's funeral—the only relation I had had then on earth except my daughter, who is in India." He was placed on half-pay, by the reduction of the battalion in which he was effective. He possessed about four hundred pounds in cash; and this, with his income of seven shillings per day, promised fairly to place him above necessity. He remained in London perhaps more from a wish to be on the spot with the head-quarter people, than from any preference he had to an overgrown, noisy, expensive, metropolis;

where, without wealth or friends, life is solitude of the worst description. He thought he possessed a better chance of being re-employed in the service, and so obtain a majority by staying near the Commander-in-chief, to watch the progress of military affairs. But year passed after year, in the same dull expectation, and he found himself as far removed from his hopes in 1823 as he was in 1817. His four hundred pounds he lodged in the hands of a mock army agent, who, from day to day, and month to month, promised him an exchange with some individual, with whom, perhaps, the impostor never had communicated. This mock agent at length failed, and ran away; leaving the poor Captain with nothing but his seven shillings a-day: and not only did he take with him his client's four hundred pounds, but his last quarter's half-pay, which the knave drew the day before he departed.*

* Officers of the army, in the transactions which may require the interference of an agent, cannot be too much on their guard against a set of pretenders who prowl about the Horse Guards for "clients," in order to lay them under heavy contributions. They are persons of neither substance nor character: their usual practice is to scrape acquaintance with military officers, and artfully

This took place about six weeks before the evening I met the Captain. I immediately offered to introduce him to an army agent, who would advance him the amount of his following quarter's half-pay. This offer he not only willingly accepted, but cordially thanked me for it; indeed, it had the greatest effect upon his spirits—he became quite another man—his countenance lost much of its melancholy; and it appeared he had previously much reason to be depressed; for he frankly informed me, that Greenwood's had refused to advance money, and therefore, for the last six weeks, he had been obliged to have recourse to raising

learn their intentions regarding exchanging, promotion, &c., and positively promise to obtain their wishes. Thus they manage to draw money from the dupe, which he finds very hard to get back again. They generally pretend to be officers on half-pay; and some, I am sorry to say, are of that body.

The best house decidedly for the half-pay or pensions to do business with, is Window's, of Craig's Court. It is a house of long standing—of wealth and respectability; and officers will there be certain of the most liberal treatment. Not only has he obliged the half-pay by advancing their quarterly stipend, but, in many instances, a much larger sum, without any indemnity, except the officer's honour. In this respect, Mr. Window far exceeds Cox and Greenwood: the latter are very liberal; but their liberality is confined to the full-pay.

money by pawning his clothes. I hesitated not a moment in offering him the loan of what change I then had in my pocket, but he declined to take it; nor could I press him to the acceptance of it. He thanked me gratefully, and promised to meet me at the house we were then in, on the following day at two o'clock, for the purpose of going together to the agent. He paid for his welsh-rabbit and his half-pint of porter, cordially shook hands with me, and we parted. Poor fellow! as he feebly walked out into the fast falling snow, so thinly clad, I heartily wished that Heaven had thrown a cloak over his shoulders.

I was true to my appointment next day; but the Captain was not. I waited an hour, and then left word for him with the waiter that I would come in the evening—and would remain until ten o'clock. I could not think what was the reason of the officer not meeting me, when it was upon a matter of so much importance to him. I went at night, according to what I told the waiter, but he was not there. I called next night,—he was not there. I now concluded that sickness, or perhaps death, was the cause; and regretted much that I had

neither left with him my address, nor the name of the agent to whom I promised to introduce him; neither had I got his card,—certain of meeting at the appointed time and place, we both overlooked the necessity of interchanging addresses.

What I am now about to describe, my readers will say is more of the romantic than the real: I must confess it looks more like the imaginative occurrence of a novel, than of actual life; but, at the same time, can assure them, that it is not romance—not imagination,—but fact.

Three weeks had passed away, and I had totally given up the idea of meeting again this unfortunate gentleman. I had frequently gone to the house where we had met, but without finding him. I left my address with the waiter, to deliver, should he see him; but my card was never removed from the rack in the bar, where the waiter had placed it.

It happened at this time that I changed my lodgings to Villiers-street, Strand. Here I engaged a tolerably well-furnished pair of parlours, and was reading at my fire, the second night after I took possession of them, when my landlord—a little

fat clerk to a brewer—opened the hall-door for somebody who had knocked. I heard his voice increasing to a pitch of anger, which awakened my curiosity; so I laid down my book and listened.

"You cannot be taking up my room for nothing, in this way, Sir; I must pay my rent, and I *shall* be paid by my lodgers. I gave you warning a fortnight ago, when I saw you had no money; and so now you must quit, *willy nilly*."

"But, Sir," replied a voice, in a subdued tone, "I have not been able to leave my bed, in order to look for lodgings, until to-day; and I hope you will not oblige me to quit your room to-night."

"You may go to the room, if you wish," replied the landlord, "because I know the *law* don't allow me to lock it up—and a bad law it is; but if you do go, you will have to sleep without a bed; for I have removed my furniture. The short and the long of the matter is, Sir, you owe me two pounds; and I'll forgive you the debt, if you only go away to-night: that 's what I call fair and charitable."

"To-night!" returned a voice, "I cannot go; I was scarcely able to crawl down to the Strand,

to look after a gentleman, who promised to recommend me to where I may get money; and now I am quite exhausted."

"Exhausted! nonsense," exclaimed the landlord's wife, who now ran up from the kitchen; "we can't be troubled with such people, and lose our rent, too.—Parcel of poor devils of half-pay officers, coming to London, here, to eat us up. One word for all; I will not be humbugged out of my lodgings."

A thought struck me—it might be the poor Captain. I opened the door—it *was* he! There he stood in the hall, leaning upon a stick—almost sinking with weakness. He recognised me directly, and as he put out his hand to meet mine, I could see his eyes filled with tears, which he laboured to suppress. I brought him into my room—gave him a chair at the fire—and left him to himself a few minutes, in order that he might compose his feelings; for to have talked to him on the brutality of the landlord then would have wounded him still deeper. I chose, therefore, rather to affect ignorance of it; and while I remained out of the room, took an opportunity

of addressing the landlord upon his conduct, and promised to be answerable for the Captain's rent, which operated a marvellous change in his demeanour towards the poor sufferer whom he had but a moment before treated so harshly.

I returned to my room and made a glass of negus for my guest, affecting in my manners a degree of hilarity which was at vast variance with my real feelings. The Captain was too weak to sit up long; he had been confined to his bed ever since the night he had first seen me, owing to a cold he caught on his return to his lodgings, and, therefore, could not come to his appointment: he had frequently requested his landlord to oblige him by going to the house where we were to have met, and to speak to me, whom he described; but this as well as other favours was denied. All his money was gone, and he had tottered down that night as a last resource, to see me.

I exerted myself to make him happy: the landlady brought him a basin of gruel, of which he partook: his bed was prepared, and—what was never done before for him—warmed with her pan by her own hands. Every thing was attention,

and my grateful friend was made as comfortable as one suffering under a consuming disease could be. He remained in bed from this night; and I could see that every day he became more feeble: the doctor who attended him informed me that his lungs were diseased, and that his case was out of the pale of remedy. I did every thing I could for him; and he felt great relief, he said, from my company; for I always kept conversation free from melancholy.

About a week after this last confinement of the Captain to his bed, the landlord offered to have warm curtains put up; this was desirable, and as they were already in the house, he sent for an upholsterer to hang them. I was sitting by the bed of the invalid when this upholsterer came in, along with the landlord, carrying the curtains. The Captain regarded him attentively; then whispering he said to me, "I think I know that man: ask him what is his name." I did so, and the upholsterer answered that his name was Thomas Hanson. I beckoned to him, and he approached the bed. The Captain then fixed his eyes upon

him, and in a weak voice said, "Tom, do you not know me?"

"No, Sir," was the reply.

"Ah!" returned the Captain, "I am now so altered that nobody knows me;" and then burst into a flood of tears.

The man gazed on the sufferer intensely: he turned to me in evident embarrassment, and whispered, "I don't recollect the gentleman, indeed, Sir."

A short pause took place, and the Captain wiped his eyes with his handkerchief.

"Were you not in the **th regiment while they served in Spain?" said he.

"Yes, Sir; I served with them there, and since they came home too. I have been pensioned, and now, thank God! I'm in a good way of business, on my own account. I assure you, Sir, I do not recollect your face."

"No, no!" rejoined the Captain, "my face and all—all are changed. I'm very unlike the Captain now, Tom, that led you up the hill at Talavera, and saved your life at Salamanca."

Hanson changed colour—he looked closer—he recognized him—then fell on his knees by the bed and seizing his old Captain's hand, wept like a child. I hurried out of the room, for I could not bear the scene.

Hanson never left the bed of the dying officer one hour at a time. However, the poor fellow died next day; and the last sad office of closing his eyes was performed by this faithful and humane soldier; nay, more—from his purse came the expenses of the funeral—his own hands made the coffin—and no mourner ever followed the beloved dead to the grave with a sincerer sorrow, than Hanson did his poor Captain.

MESS-TABLE CHAT.

No. IV.

(A SKETCH FOR THE "MEDICOS.")

"There were four-and-twenty Doctors all of a row."

OLD SONG.

SCENE.—*The mess-room of the Medical Staff at Chatham. A couple of dozen Doctors at dinner; all in blue uniform,—red collar and cuffs, no epaulettes. Guests, consisting of a retired Major, and a Captain of Infantry on full pay. Attendants, &c. &c.*

Staff Surgeon Ward. This goose is as good a *subject* as ever I *cut up*:—Doctor Adipose, shall I send you a *superior extremity*?*

* The human body is divided into the head, the trunk, the superior and inferior extremities.—*Syst. of Anat.*

Dr. Adipose. Thank you, Mr. Ward. I 'll take one—au—hau—, with a slice of the breast; and, as your hand is in, you may as well let me have the—au—Pope's nose.

Staff Surgeon Ward. There,—there,—there, Doctor—there you are; there is the delicious *os coccygis* for you.

Dr. Adipose. Thank you, au—hau—, thank you, my dear friend—very good, indeed.

Dr. Kyle. Permit me to send you some sauce.

Dr. Adipose. Thank you, Doctor, au—hau—, very good, very good; it looks a perfect Kitchener, —au—hau, very good, indeed.

Hospital Assistant Lintly. Mr. President, a little soup.

President. Eh! what! soup again, Lintly?

Hospital Assistant Lintly. Yes, Sir, if you please.

President. There, there. De'il a word I 'll say aboot yer taste, mon; gin ye had supped as much sargery soup as me, ye'd tak to soolids.

Dr. Kyle. Ah, Mr. President, you were too long in the Peninsula to recover your taste for soup.

President. True, Doctor! Hey—de ye remember when you and I war hospital mates togither at Belem, when the sargeryman wad han' us up twa smoking tins o' broth, to see if it war fit for the sick; an' then we wad hae anither twa, to see if it war fit for the wounded; an' then twa mere to see if we liked it oorsels,—ha! ha! ha! Doctor, we war jolly hospital mates, then. Ecod! I never swallowed a mouthfu' o' soup sin' I was promoted.

Dr. Kyle. I was never an hospital *mate*, Mr. President; "*Hospital Assistant to the Forces*," was *my* first appointment in the department.

President. Aweel, it 's a' the self-same thing. When I first entered—noo sax-an'-twenty years—we had mates, an' nae assistants at a'.

Dr. Kyle. You are perfectly right, there; the service had no *assistants* at that time, sure enough.

Dr. Adipose. (*wiping his chin.*) You are too severe, Kyle; au—hau—; you are, indeed, hau—; I 'll trouble you for a cut out of the thick end of that haunch of mutton; it looks delicious; au—hau—; good indeed—very good.

Dr. Kyle. I 'll send you a slice, Doctor, that will digest on its first contact with the gastric fluid; —there, Sir, there.

Dr. Adipose. Hau—, very good. I haven't seen such a haunch as that since the last annual dinner of the society for the benefit of the widows of our department; that *was* delicious, too.

Capt. Beamish. Oh, you *have* a society, then, for the widows of your department, Doctor?

Dr. Adipose. Yes, yes; I 'll tell you all about it, by-and-by.—A little currant jelly, Thomas.

Dr. Kyle. Yes, Captain, to the laudable exertions of Sir James M'Grigor we are indebted for a valuable fund,—sufficient to protect our widows and our orphans, if it please God to leave them without other means.—Mr. Lintly, do you take mutton? Oh! Sir, it is a vast advantage.

Major Oldfield. 'Pon my honour, I am very happy to see such improvements in your department. When I entered the service, now fifty years ago, there was no department at all. A surgeon was something like our present military parson; he used to go about in plain clothes, or

with a black coat and a military cocked hat: his pay was bad; and as to his assistant, he was a sort of lob-lolly-boy; but now, how different! Ah! the Duke, Heaven rest his soul! was the first who improved *your* department, Gentlemen, as well as every other belonging to the army.

Dr. Adipose. Major—au—I 'll trouble you for a little of the harrico—hau: It looks very well—au—very well, indeed.

Vice-President. Splint, shall I send you a little pig?

Mr. Splint. Indeed it is a thing Mrs. Splint is very fond of; and if you like, I 'll send my servant up to you to-morrow for it.

Vice-President. For what!

Mr. Splint. Why the little pig you mentioned.

Dr. Adipose. Poo—oo—au—ha! ha! ha!

[*A general laugh—more at the expense of Dr. Adipose than the little pig.*]

Vice-President. Why, my dear Sir, I asked you to take a little of *this* roast pig.

Mr. Splint. Oh dear!—I beg your pardon.

Dr. Adipose. Very good—very good joke in-

deed—hau. Well, I think as you mentioned it, I'll taste the little pig—a *lee*tle bit, Mr. President. Devilish good joke—thank you, that will do.

Vice-President. Yes, Major, the Duke was our best friend; it was he who first raised the pay of the surgeons, and thus made the situation more worthy to be filled by men of education. Sir James M'Grigor, and Sir William Franklin, have completed what the Duke began, and now, thanks to those gentlemen, our department is not only happily organized, and its rank sustained, but we can furnish in the field, men of genuine professional education; not tyros of the pestle, but scientifically bred surgeons, who can whip off your legs while you'd be saying "Jack Robison."—A glass of wine, Major.

Major. With great pleasure.

Dr. Adipose. Mr. Vice, I'll taste that wild duck—hau—it looks well—and squeeze a lemon on it:—but first we'll take a glass of wine—hau.

Capt. Beamish. I'm not so long as the Major in the service, by twenty years, and even in *my* time the military surgeons were in general inferior

to what they are now, both in education and respectability.

Mr. Ward. The peninsular war required a vast deal of surgeons, and therefore, a number of young unqualified men, of necessity were sent out to Portugal; but since that, Sir, this very Chatham hospital has been established; and it bids fair to become a school for military surgeons.

Dr. Kyle. By-the-by, it would not be a bad thing to follow Buonaparte's plan of educating medical men for the army. The Parliament might vote money for worse purposes than promoting the health and comfort of the soldiers in providing a military-medical school.—This I really believe. Then, in case of necessity, we should not be forced to receive indifferently educated surgeons into the service.—Chatham would be the very place for it. We have already a splendid anatomical museum, a good library, and an extensive hospital. All wanting now, is permission to receive young men as pupils or cadets, who would be supported by government until fit to join the army:—Something like the Artillery-school at Woolwich. Then the well-qualified officers of the department, who

are now receiving half-pay for nothing, might have here something to do in lecturing as professors.

President. Hoot! if ya 'd apply to parelament for sic a thing, ya 'd ha' Masther Joey Hume at wark wi' his hammer an' tongs:—he 'd cry oot "sae muckle for lodging—sae muckle for poorridge—an' sae muckle for pooltices," till he 'd run up a bill for the hoose that wad beat the *Docthor's Bill* clane oot an' oot.

Dr. Kyle. But Sir James and Mr. Hume are both Aberdeen men, are they not? There might be something done that way.

President. Nae, that wad do naething; Sir James has a lang heed o' his ain, an' if it war to be done at a', he 'd nae consult the calculator aboot it.

Dr. Adipose. Very true, Mr. President, hau—I 'll thank you for another custard, au—just to finish this apple-pie.

President. First we 'll take a drap o' wine, Docthor; ya 'r takin' reed, so there 's the decanter.

Major Oldfield. I really think the plan is

good; for this reason:—when men expend a considerable sum on medical education, they look to a return; and the success of private practice is far more tempting than the army-surgeon's; therefore professional education might be provided for them at a moderate expense, and as a security, they might be bound to remain a certain number of years in the army.

Capt. Beamish. I remember a joke which passed current at the expense of the young surgeons when I was at Lisbon:—a ship was hailed, in passing up the Tagus, to learn what she had on board, and the Master answered "*horses and hospital mates, for the use of the army.*"

Vice President. Very true: there were many such jokes played off upon them; and this was owing, in a great measure, to the want of such an establishment as this at Chatham. Then, a set of young raw Scotch or Irish pupils would come up to London, pass their examinations, and be ordered forthwith out to Portugal. Unacquainted with military etiquette and the usages of officers, it is not to be wondered that they were in general laughed at. I myself have seen one of the

medical juniors—then a dispenser of medicines, but now Apothecary to the Forces—dressed in a *brown* ill-made *surtout* coat, blue trowsers ending at the calf of the leg, pepper-and-salt coloured worsted stockings, and shoes; the whole surmounted by a cocked hat, and straight black feather: in one hand he carried his sword, and in the other an umbrella!

[*A laugh from all the mess, particularly convulsive in Dr. Adipose.*

President. It's vary deeferent noo; look at us a' here fra' top to bottom—there 's nae irreg'larity in oor appearance—nae gaudy gewgaws aboot us, but neat an' military to a degree: oor uniform is noo blue an' reed ye see—then it was reed an' black. Here, when a young man joins us, he learns not only his duty, but the mode o' appearing like a proper meelitary surgeon, an' joins a regiment ready made, as it were: it was far deeferent during the peninsular war. I can assure ya gentlemen, the present Airmy Meedical Board deserve the highest praise—an' something more substantial too, for the establishment o' this valuable *heed-quarters*, I may call it, o' the Meedical Department; an', wi'

yir leave, I 'll noo drink their health in a bumper; [*all rise*] I 'll gi' ya, gentlemen, Sir James M'Grigor, an' Sir William Franklin, the regenerators o' the Meedical Department.

[*drunk with three times three.*

Assist. Staff Surg. Leech. The only thing I see unpleasant in our situation, is that we are not promoted fast enough. [*a laugh.*

President. There is something in that: Misther Leech there, has been in the sarvice—hoo long noo, Leech?

Assist. Surg. Leech. About eight years on active service abroad, and nearly eight more on half-pay.

President. Ha! that 's a long time. I remember when I enthered the sarvice, an assistant-surgeon seldom remained withoot promotion for mere nor three years, and some got it in as many months. But this can hardly be helped noo, fra' the encreased numbers. Hoocver, it wad be an improvement in the Department, if the juniors were mere quickly promoted; and also a greater number o' gude places for the seniors to look up to.

Dr. Adipose. Right, Mr. President, hau—take care of the seniors.—I 'll thank you for the nuts.

[*a laugh.*

Vice President. There are not enough of high places certainly. The situation of Inspector of Hospitals, is all that the surgeon can fairly look to; and of these there are not many. Now what is that worth?—about 700*l.* a year. This, mind you, is the *utmost* a man can look to, unless it be the directorship of the Department; and that is but *one* place of worth—all this after twenty or thirty years of troublesome service:—there lies the disadvantages of the profession. If a surgeon be but commonly attentive, and fairly qualified, he will soon be worth more than twice seven hundred a year in civil practice: nay, an apothecary, who sticks up a blue bottle at the corner of a narrow lane in London, will soon make as good an income as the Inspector of Hospitals.

President. True enough: there ought to be at least half a doozen gude births, o' a thoosand a year, by way o' rewards for auld and meretorious meedical oofficers; an' the young ones ought to run up a leettle faster. What d' ye think of the

sinecures given to the Irish Medical Board :—the present Surgeon-general, an' Physeecian-general, an' several o' the Inspecthors, enjoy their full pay an' allooances, yet were never in the army at a.' (*murmurs of disapprobation from all the Mess*) Yes, gentlemen, 'tis fac' as deeth :—hey ! I wish the Duke may just tak' it into his head to examine it.

Dr. Adipose. Au—hau—that 's the man for cutting up the Doctors—hau—I 'll take the olives and that orange, Mr. Ward—hau—thank you.

Dr. Kyle. What our worthy President says is just. Those situations in Ireland were given to rich *civil* practitioners—I believe by one of the Viceroys : now, really, if Viceroys choose to reward their medical friends with good incomes, they should not take the money out of the pockets of those officers who have been living like gipsies on the mountains—enduring every privation to watch over the lives of our gallant soldiers ; or perhaps wasting their health and life in the pestilential air of tropical hospitals. There are but few good places in the Department, and surely they should not be given to wealthy practitioners, who do not belong to the army. Cheyne, Cramp-

ton, Peel—all worth at least two or three thousand a year each by their practice—take three of our best places from us; yet, until their present appointment, never had anything whatever to do with the army.

Mr. Ward. Yes; Crampton, I believe, was an hospital mate for five or six months; and, I remember, he did duty in the camp which was on the Curragh of Kildare.

Dr. Kyle. Vast service, indeed! (*a laugh.*)

Dr. Adipose. Gentlemen, I 'll give you a toast —hau:—I 'll give you—Mr. Abernethy and the digestive organs.

[*A roar of laughter follows the corpulent gentleman's toast.*

President. Why—Adipose—what the deel maks you toast the digeestive organs?

Dr. Adipose. Because they are our best friends —hau—and the particular supporters of our worthy brother Abernethy. (*applause.*)

Major Oldfield. Gentlemen, I 'm sorry my health requires me to leave you. There was a time when I could drink with the best of you:

but I am seventy-six years of age, and that I hope will be my excuse for quitting so early this pleasant mess-table. Allow me, before I go, to say that it gives me the greatest satisfaction to see the hospital staff thus consolidated: many attempts were made, during the long time I served in the army, to establish a regular mess in this department, but all failed. I give you joy, therefore, gentlemen, on the attainment of the object now: and I trust you will not receive it as flattery when an old officer tells you, that for forty years in the service, he never had the honour of dining at a mess where there was more military regularity and more enlightened members. Permit me now, Mr. President, to drink "Prosperity to the Medical Officers of the Army—the soldiers' best friends in the day of sorrow."*

(*great applause.*)

The Major now departed—several of the mem-

* O'Halloran, in his introduction to the history of Ireland, informs us that the great military hospital attached to the antient palace of Tara, was called "*the house of the Sorrowful Soldier.*"

bers of the mess, who were on duty, also retired to the hospital, and the remainder sat in pleasant conversation until eleven o'clock, when they partook of deviled turkey, specially prepared by Doctor Adipose; and having washed it down with a few glasses of claret, broke up for the night.

NIGHTS IN THE GUARD-HOUSE.

No. VI.

"THAT 's the worst of the army," said Private Andrews to Sergeant Dobson, as he rose to open the guard-house door—"that 's the worst of it: we are scarcely well acquainted with the inhabitants of a town in which we are quartered, when the route comes, and off we go; perhaps never to see again people that we would wish to spend our lives with."

"Very true," replied the Sergeant; "I have often felt that, and so have you; but I think there is something about our leaving Ballycraggen which touches your feelings, Andrews, a little

more than the leaving of any former quarters in which I have seen you."

"Why, to tell you the truth, I do not like to quit that poor girl, Sergeant; she is a good, kind-hearted creature," returned Private Andrews, lifting the latch for the purpose of seeing who it was that engaged the sentry in conversation.

The door was opened, and in a few moments an aged man appeared at the threshold, exclaiming "Soldiers, I am glad to see you—blessings upon you! It is a cold and a bleak night: I have yet four miles to go: will you give me a seat at your fire? I am a man of threescore and twelve years of age, and before now my shoulder has borne a brown bess in the service."

"Come in, come in, my old fellow!" was the answer from every man of the guard. The stranger's venerable appearance was a *carte blanche:* he was not only admitted to the guard-house, but the old oak chair was resigned to him by honest Sergeant Dobson—no small compliment, considering the comfort and importance which it always afforded to the Sergeant of the Guard.

The old man who was thus simultaneously honoured, was that sort of personage which a romantic poet would think his fortune made in getting a sight of; and in describing him would immortalize himself,—provided he were a true poet: the white beard would demand a dozen stanzas:—the Ossianic vapour of the morn curling in the breeze —the snow upon the skirts of a towering mountain—the surf whitening the base of the cloud-capped sea-rock—these, and a thousand other comparisons, would be called in to paint it. The bald and expanded forehead would be likened to the most polished work of ivory-turners; the eye add a new star to the heavens; and the figure of the man be handed down to sculptors as a model for the venerable grandeur of humanity!

Now, as I am writing plain prose, I will say without metaphor, that he was a tall man of seventy-two years of age, with a long and silky white beard; a good-natured countenance, and as sound and healthy to all appearances as Corporal O'Callaghan; who, in point of age, might have been almost his grandson, and who took up his

position beside him at the fire, the moment the old man sat down.

"What the divil makes you wear your beard?" said the Corporal; "couldn't you borrow a razor anywhere once a week?"

"I have worn my beard," replied the stranger, "for these many, many years. It is an old friend, and tells me a history. It was never cut since the mutiny of the Nore."

"What! are you a sailor?" demanded the Sergeant.

"No, young man, I belonged to the Royal Marines."

"O, by the powers! he's one o' the red boys afther all," exclaimed the Corporal: "give us your fist.—God! you're very cowld: will you take a—" here O'Callaghan whispered something to the stranger, and then went to a recess in the guard-room, where there was a bottle—in short, nothing that could be done by the guard to show their respect for the old soldier, was neglected: the consequence was, that he became very communicative, and related not only the history of

the mutiny of the Nore, but gave them a description of his own adventures subsequent to that affair. There is no use in making a secret of the matter—a bottle of potyeen whisky was dispatched, and the party enjoyed themselves by the fire in listening to the veteran's stories with the greatest attention for a couple of hours: during which time the rain pattered, and the wind blew, unheeded by the group. He told them he had enlisted when a boy, and had served as a marine in several engagements. He was entrapped into the mutiny of the Nore; but the only part which he took in the proceedings, was writing out in a fair hand several papers for the mutineers—and this he declared he did for no other purpose than to indulge his own vanity, in displaying his fine writing, upon which he had highly valued himself. He was tried after the surrender of the mutineers, and transported for life to Van Diemen's Land. Amongst the stories with which he amused the guard, the most interesting was the following, in which he himself was a principal actor.

THE BUSH-RANGERS.

"I had not been more than two or three weeks in Hobart Town, when I was assigned as a crown servant to a worthy gentleman—Mr. Allen—with whom I lived, until it pleased God to call him away from this life: I served him faithfully, and he treated me more like a relation than a slave. He failed in business as a merchant a year before his death, and I believe it preyed upon his mind. He left scarcely any property behind him, but what there was, he willed to me:—seventeen pounds was all that remained after the whole of his things were sold by auction, and his funeral expenses paid. This sum fell to me. I was very happy while Mr. Allen lived; but after that, I began to think of obtaining my liberty, in order to return home to this country, for there was nobody I cared about in the colony. I was applied to by a Mr. M'Carthy, to undertake the overseeing of his land; and I accepted the offer. I had my choice of places; for old Jack Worral—that 's my name—was well respected by every free settler in the country. Shortly after my going to Mr. M'Car-

thy's, the Bush-rangers became very troublesome: there was a gang of them—about seven-and-twenty—out in the woods and wild country; and they used to come down of a night and plunder the settlers of everything—neither cattle nor corn, nor house, was secure from their depredations. Mr. M'Carthy had a fine schooner lying in the Derwent, loaded with goods; he feared that the Bush-rangers would plunder her; for his neighbour, a Mr. Carlisle, had been recently robbed by them, and he, himself, had seen some of them shooting kangaroos on the banks of the river. He therefore mentioned to me, that he would like to form a party to go in pursuit of them. I volunteered to be one; for although then near sixty years of age, I could manage the best of them. Several of the neighbours instantly joined:—there were Mr. Triffit, and Murphy, and Jemmot, and Brown, and Carlisle, and Tooms, and Hacking, and O'Berne, the master of our schooner, the Geordy, and three or four sailors. Every man had a fowling-piece or a musket—some had also pistols, and swords, and bayonets. We started on the track of the Bush-rangers, just an hour before sunrise, of a beautiful twilight-night,

in the latter end of spring: our direction was towards the centre of a space, between two high hills, which was about three miles away, and where there was an open valley on the banks of a small river: we used to call it the fairy's valley, on account of the little patches of green pasturage which every where appeared through the thick and matted bush-wood—for you know it is said, that these are the spots where the *good people** dance of a moon-light night.

"We travelled on after our guide, who was a native that lived in the service of Mr. Carlisle, and who had been ill-treated by the Bush-rangers but a few days before, when they were plundering his master's house: there was no road or path, as you might see in other countries—our way was over hills, and over craggs, and through jungles of brushwood, so that we were an hour and a half before we got into the opening of the valley. The sun was up and mists disappearing; the place as silent as the grave—nothing to be heard but whatever noise ourselves made. Mr. M'Carthy now pro-

* A name of reverence given to fairies.

posed that we should lie down, under cover of an overhanging rock, in a sort of green cave, thatched, as it were, with briers, bushes, and flowers, of every description: he said we had better halt and send out one or two as scouts: this we did; and the guide, with Mr. Murphy himself, after having taken a little refreshment by way of breakfast, climbed up the side of a steep hill, through the bushes, in order to get a complete view of all round from the top. While they were away we examined all our arms, and took our breakfast of cold meat and a small allowance of grog, dealt out by Mr. M'Carthy—for he kept charge of the spirits himself, lest any one should take too much. In about a quarter of an hour after Mr. Murphy and the guide went out, we heard a shot which rattled and echoed three or four times across the valley: this, as we afterwards learned, was fired by one of the Bush-rangers at a bird, and in the sight of the guide, who now came creeping down the hill with Mr. Murphy, making signs for silence. Our scouts informed us that the Bush-rangers were within shot, roasting mutton under a hill; but that to come upon them without being ob-

served, it would require us to return and advance by an opening on the other side of them—a rising ground that was clear under-foot, but covered with immense trees. We immediately proceeded one by one to the rear, and in about ten minutes were in view of the smoke from the Bush-rangers' fires; and by stooping so as to screen ourselves from the possible view of the robbers, we were enabled to get within about a hundred yards of them. Mr. M'Carthy ordered us to lie down, which we did. We could hear the fellows through the bushes, cursing, swearing, and laughing; some were cooking pieces of mutton, others lolling on the grass, smoking and drinking: and a pretty, interesting-looking native girl, sat playing with the long and bushy black ringlets of a stout and wicked-looking man seated by her: he had pistols in his belt—wore a fustian jacket, a kangaroo-skin cap and waistcoat, with leather gaiters, and dirty velveteen breeches. I saw him as plainly as I see any one here; and what do you think? the fellow had two watches in his fob! This turned out, as I learned afterwards, to be Michael Howe, the second in command of the robbers: at that time

Whitehead was the leader—a tall, ill-looking villain as ever you saw: *he* was also there, asleep on the grass.

"We were now directed by Mr. M'Carthy to cock our pieces, and on a wave of his hand to rise and show ourselves, but not to fire until the word was given; and also, that if the Bush-rangers attempted to fire, to drop down so as to avoid the shot, and, if not possible to advance at once upon them, we were each to take a position behind a tree, and from thence fire upon the robbers: this was the plan of attack. Mr. M'Carthy now rose up, and with his piece at the '*ready*,' cried out to Whitehead to surrender: the Bushmen were up in a moment, and behind a tremendous trunk of a hollow tree, through a hole in which we could see them. Whitehead replied to the summons very coolly; 'I tell you what, M'Carthy,' said he, 'you will never be easy until I settle you: I spared your life last Thursday night; and if you want not to lose it, go home about your business.'

"Mr. M'Carthy now waved his hand, when we all stood up, and came to the present. Whitehead got behind the tree.

"'Put down your guns,' said he, 'and I 'll speak to you.'

"Mr. M'Carthy ordered us to comply; we took them from our shoulders, but still held them with our fingers on the triggers.

"'Now,' said Whitehead, 'let me advise you to leave us alone; we are well armed, and can beat you; but we don't want blood: let us alone, I say, and go back to your homes. A man of us will not be taken alive.'

"'If you surrender quietly, Whitehead,' replied Mr. M'Carthy, 'I can assure you pardon from the Government: you see my party is strong, so don't force me to fire.'

"Michael Howe then roared out, 'Slap at the beggars!'—a volley was fired at us through the hole in the tree; and which we returned. On looking round at our party, after I had fired, I saw Carlisle, Murphy, Jemmot, Triffet, and O'Berne, lying on the ground, but none of them quite dead.

"Whitehead now cried out to us, with an oath, to surrender; but we reloaded fast, and kept up such a hedge-firing, that one of the fellows dared not show himself, to present his piece. I called

out to our party to take aim at every shot, and only two to fire at a time. Some of the sailors now led away four of our wounded party; but Mr. Murphy could not be stirred, he was shot through the belly, and remained: Mr. Carlisle died on our way home; and O'Berne, who was shot in the face, expired in four days after. We were obliged to retreat, firing as we went; but the Bushmen had no wish to follow us. The fact is, Mr. M'Carthy ought to have opened on them at first, without giving them a moment's consideration, and then should have run right in upon the fellows.

[" To be sure," replied Sergeant Dobson; " they should not have given them a moment."

" Oh, faith! that 's where they put their foot in it, completely," rejoined Corporal O'Callaghan, as he offered the horn cup to the old man. " Wet your whistle," said he, " before you go any farther."

This was done in due form, and the venerable soldier renewed his story with encreased energy and pleasure:—]

" It was a disastrous end to our expedition, and the death of these unfortunate men caused a panic throughout the settlement: the 73d was

ordered out, in detachments, to scour the country; but the Bushmen knew too well how to avoid them—they had a world of unpopulated country, of the finest nature, to retire into. However, a party of the soldiers came so close on them one day, that they found their meat burning on the fire, where they had placed it to broil, while the sheepskin was beside it, out of which the mutton was cut; but they could not catch a man of them.

"It might well be expected, that if the Bush-rangers could, they would not let Mr. M'Carthy rest after this attempt upon their lives; and we so much expected their vengeance, that we made preparation to protect ourselves immediately. Mr. M'Carthy obtained permission to keep a party of the 46th regiment in the house, night and day; the house being situated so lonely. The robbers were not aware of this, or they would not have ventured to make the attack, which they did in a very short time after the failure of our expedition against them. I was sitting at the fire one night, along with the soldiers, talking of one thing or another, when the window was knocked in by a volley from

without, and by which one of the soldiers was wounded in the arm. Mr. M'Carthy was from home at the time. Up the men jumped, and seizing their muskets, fired out instantly. I and a soldier ran down stairs and out at one of the back doors, when looking over a wall, we perceived a man at the front of the house: he was alone, and was beckoning to others to come on. I levelled at him,—fired:—he jumped off the ground, two yards at least, and then fell; but got up, and ran towards another of his comrades, crying out, 'Howe—here, take my watch—the beggars have shot me.' These were his last words: he then fell. Several of the soldiers now ran round, to get in the rear of the Bushmen, who, quite undaunted, were approaching the house. Several shots were fired both by and at the soldiers a little way from the gate. I now perceived a man approaching the dead body of the fellow I shot: I had no other charge for my gun, and no bayonet, so I returned into the house to load; when casting my eyes from the window, I saw the figure engaged over the body, taking his money, as I then thought. The light was out; the soldiers

were gone from the house, engaged with the robbers, so I could not find either a grain of powder or a cartridge. I made up my mind in a moment to attack the fellow I saw below, with the but-end of my musket, so down I ran for that purpose, and was coming behind a ridge of dung or manure, in order to make sure of my man, when I saw the fellow—it was Howe—with the head of the dead man in his hand! he gazed a moment at the body, and then said he, 'Poor Jack Whitehead, I swore to you, that if ever you fell near me, I 'd not let your head be taken; the b——y governor won 't know you now, and no beggar shall get a rap for you, my boy: lie there, brave fellow, and I 'll bury your head for you in our own green valley—I know you would have done the same for me.' I was petrified with astonishment; so Howe got off, and left the mutilated trunk in a pool of blood: he had cut off the head with his clasp knife. The body was taken away next day to Hobart Town, and gibbited on Hunter's island. The soldiers, I believe, did not hit any of them—the night was too dark and the Bushmen too wary. If I could have got a cartridge when Howe was cutting off his com-

rade's head, I should have settled him ; and as it turned out, this Howe was the worst villain of the whole. On the death of Whitehead, he became the head of the gang, and committed the most terrible depredations every where ; there was a reward of 100 guineas offered for his head ; and that was twice the sum offered for any of the others. There was also a free pardon, with a passage home to England, ready for any of the crown prisoners who would take him or any of his men. The hope of getting back to my own country once more made me turn my attention particularly to this point, and as Mr. M'Carthy offered to assist me in all my projects, I set about the means of accomplishing them.

" I was once very near seizing Howe in the very centre of Hobart-Town, where he was in the disguise of a gentleman. I 'll tell you how it was: I was in a store one day, buying some powder and shot, when this fellow came in : the man's name who kept the store was Stevens. Although Howe changed colour the moment he entered and saw me, yet I did not observe that it *was* he; but when I heard him speak in his peculiarly vulgar

way, I remembered the voice of the fellow who cut off the head of Whitehead. Strong as Howe was, I thought I was stronger; so without hesitation I grasped him by the collar, and told him that he was my prisoner: he struggled hard with me, and held on my throat; and I had got him fast at the back part of the store, when I was knocked down by a blow on the back of my head, and became senseless. It was some minutes before I recovered myself; and when I came to my senses, I found Stevens holding some strong spirits to my lips, and otherwise kindly attending me. He told me that a strange man had rushed into the store, and with a bludgeon knocked me on the head while I was struggling with Howe; and that when I fell from the blow, Howe jumped up and both ran away: little I then thought that it was Stevens himself who struck me and released Howe. This soon was brought to light; for information was given to the governor that Stevens was a receiver of Howe's plunder; so he was hanged on Hunter's Island, and buried under the gibbets of three of his correspondents. The fellow confessed to me in the jail, that it was he who struck me,

and said he was only sorry he had not killed me. This man was a crown prisoner, but was thought to be an industrious person who was making a fortune by his business: two youths, his accomplices, were sentenced to death along with him, but were pardoned at the place of execution, on account of their tender years. It was this man, or some of his connexions, who used to supply the Bushmen with information, and also with necessaries.—As an instance of this—the gang appeared at Port Dalrymple, where they robbed one Mr. Rose, and in only eleven days after that, when the soldiers were scouring the neighbourhood in which this robbery was committed, they appeared at Bagdad —a distance of one hundred miles from Port Dalrymple, and intercepted a waggon load of valuable property belonging to a Mr. Stocker, who traded from one settlement to another: this they never could have accomplished unless they had information from their colleagues in Hobart Town.

"I now obtained leave to accompany a party of the 46th regiment on a regular campaign against the Bush-rangers. We carried with us flour, spirits, and some live stock; the weather being fine,

we wanted no tents—and even if we had we could not have carried them. My arms were a musket and two pistols; my powder-horn and bullet-bag slung across my shoulder: I did not look much unlike Robinson Crusoe, with my long beard; and I was as often called by that name as by my own. I never passed a pleasanter time than for the three weeks we were out on the excursion, except when we lost our flour in a ford; and then we were so reduced that some of our party gnawed away their mocassions, or kangaroo-skins which they wore on their feet. Although we did not destroy the gang on this campaign, we were the means of hanging four of the Bush-rangers. On the third day's march after we started, we were close to a place called the *Tea-tree Brush*, and were poking our way through a thick and wide bed of briers and brush-wood, in order to get over to an open and green space shaded with trees, where we proposed cooking a quarter of mutton, when we spied a smoke rising from the very trees we were approaching. We were soon on the clear ground, and the whole party advanced as quick as possible towards the smoke, determined to give no quarter to the Bush-

men unless they surrendered. We now could see a hut made of boughs, and a fire before it, when out darted two men, and in a moment disappeared into a close thicket, and we lost them. In this hut we found several watches and trinkets, some cloth, twenty-five bullets, some powder, and three kangaroo dogs, all of which we took with us, first having dined heartily upon our mutton in front of the hut—and such a beautiful situation for a bivouac I never was in. It was a flat piece of green land, covered with wild flowers, and overlooking the most beautiful country that can be imagined—a precipice in our front, from which we hurled a stone that rolled over half a mile of a steep hill down to a river all studded with islands, and ornamented by the most delightfully displayed foliage on its banks—plain over plain, and wood over wood, was to be seen for twenty miles' distance; and the blue mountains far away gave one an idea of an earthly paradise: yet no human being claimed it—none ever trod over this fine country but a few lawless brigands.

"We were now on the scent of the Bushmen, and I proposed a plan which turned out well;

this was, that we should lie in ambush all the evening in a covered recess near the hut, and watch the return of some of the gang, whom we had no doubt were out hunting. This was approved by the Sergeant in command of us, and we immediately retired to the ambuscade: here we smoked our pipes:—it was so situated, that we could see all around without being ourselves perceived.

"We had been in this situation about two hours, when we espied four of the Bushmen; Howe was one of them; and the native girl, whom I saw playing with his curls before, was with him. Both were armed with pistols. Her dress was neither native nor European, but a very pretty sort of costume made up of skins, feathers, and white calico. They advanced towards the hut, until they came to within about three hundred yards of it, when the girl, who was before them, ran quickly back, seized Howe by the arm, and pointed to the hut. What was the reason of this I cannot tell: perhaps she saw something about it that excited suspicion—but, be that as it may, the whole party turned round, and fled for the valley, by an open,

clear, and slanting ground which led into it. Out we ran after them, and were gaining a little upon them when we came to the bottom of the valley. They here took different directions; but Howe was our man; so after him we all went, dashing up the opposite hill from that on which the hut was; for all parties had forded—the water taking nearly up to the middle. When Howe and his girl, who followed him closely, gained the summit of the hill, he turned round, deliberately took aim at one of us with his fusee, and fired; but without effect. This was returned by three of our party, but also without effect. Our chase now was over a tolerably open country, and I dare say that we all ran at nearly full speed for about a mile—Howe before us, apparently taking it very easy; but he must have run amazingly well, to have distanced us so much in a mile, and with such seeming ease to himself. The girl, we could observe, was falling fast behind, but she still ran, and we could see Howe frequently motioning her on: at last the poor thing stopped short at once, as if overcome by fatigue. Howe roared at her, with a voice that sounded over the

plain, and although five hundred yards from us, we heard it like the blast of a trumpet. What do you think he did, when he found that she could not move? the dog drew his pistol—fired at her—and the poor girl fell. I could not resist the feeling of rage which then took possession of me: I dropped on my knee, took a cool aim, and fired."

["Did you kill the rascal?" interrupted O'Callaghan.

"No. I suppose from the exertion of running, my aim was not as it in general was. However, we were rather far away for any thing like a certain shot."]

"We continued the chase, and in about five minutes Howe arrived at an abrupt ravine, into which he darted; and we might as well have attempted to seek him in the bottom of the sea, as the place he sunk into; so we returned to the girl, whom we found was not dead, but severely wounded in the shoulder and neck. When we lifted her up, she trembled, and attempted to fall on her knees, to supplicate for mercy, as she expected to be shot instantly: but we soon relieved her fears, and led her to a shade, where we made a covering of

branches for her, and otherwise assisted her, by tying up her arm in a sling, and washing the blood off it. The unhappy girl now offered to point us out the track of the robbers, and do every thing she could, to forward our views. We halted for the night, and at daybreak next morning proceeded on our search, guided by the girl, who was now able to walk.

"After a slow march of three hours, having passed through the ravine into which Howe went, we arrived at the verge of the river Shannon. Here were several huts which the girl said the Bushmen occasionally inhabited—that is, whenever they moved in that part of the country; nothing, however, was in these huts but beds of leaves and dry grass: there were strewed about several sheep skins, and marks of recent fires. The girl informed us that she had been there with Howe four days before. In a few minutes she ran over to the Sergeant, and pointing to the opposite bank of the Shannon, exclaimed, 'There is Geary.' We all looked across the river and saw one of the Bushmen with his gun levelled at us: he fired, and the ball splashed in the water close to us. It was no

use to waste our powder, for the fellow disappeared. We then set fire to the huts, and guided by the girl proceeded on our march. It would astonish you to see how she discovered the tracks of the robbers; she would sometimes go on fast, and at others stop, look attentively at the grass and leaves under her, and although we could see no mark of footsteps, she declared she did: she would minutely examine each leaf and brier and blade of grass on a spot where she was 'at fault,' in order to see were they broken or pressed; and in this way she brought us to a creek of the river near which she said was a hut, and that very likely some of the gang were there. We had scarcely arrived on a high rock which overhung the water of the creek when we heard a shot close to us, and a desperate-looking fellow with a rifle in his hand instantly darted past us: he evidently had no expectation of meeting such *friends* as the soldiers at this place, for when he saw us he wheeled about and attemped to retreat, but two active fellows of our party leaped down into a hollow and completely cut him off. We were on the top of the rock, and within twenty yards of the Bushman. The fel-

low stopped an instant: we were just going to seize him, when he at once made a spring, and down off the rock he leaped into the water below, first having flung his gun away. The distance he fell was about a hundred feet. He sunk; but rose in a moment and commenced to swim to the opposite side. The two of our party who before had stopped him, now made for the other bank of the creek, and if they had not run extremely well and leaped a craggy ravine at the upper end of it, the Bushman would have escaped; but they were in time; and when the fellow was approaching the bank, they appeared, and pointed their muskets down at him. I almost pitied the wretch when this took place, he looked so miserable; but he did not surrender: he swam back to the centre of the creek and there cried out to us that if we would not fire he would propose fair terms: he was then below us; muskets were levelled at him from both sides, and an instant would have sent him to the bottom. The Sergeant asked what terms he wanted? He replied that he wished to be taken as an approver, and that he would discover all he knew of the gang. 'Come ashore,' said the Ser-

geant, 'trust to the Governor for your life—I can make no terms with you: but if you refuse to submit, we 'll blow you into atoms the next instant.' The fellow paused, and looked wildly up at both sides of the creek, there death was staring him in the face—and such a face of horror I never saw. He had nothing left him but submission; so he cried out, 'Very well, Sergeant, I'll submit; but I hope you 'll mention my proposal to the Governor.' The wretch now swam to the opposite bank, and yielded himself to the custody of the two soldiers there, while we proceeded round to join them. On our way we had to go a considerable distance, unless we all leaped the ravine, which was so well done by the two of our party on the other side; this we had no motive for,—it was dangerous; and besides that, the female who was along with us could not, if *we* could. We were passing through very long grass and high weeds, nearly up to our heads, when the girl cried out to us to stop. She said that somebody had gone this way bleeding; and showed blood on the weeds, evidently but lately spilt. She also said, that there was a Bushman's hut, about a hundred yards away. We therefore

changed our intention of going to the other side of the creek, and sent a man to assist in bringing round to us the prisoner, while we went to the expected hut; at the same time marking the spot where the blood was. The girl pointed out the place where the hut lay,—we could not then see it; but on approaching a little further, discovered it in a hollow, beautifully surrounded with trees and close brushwood. We halted, and presented our muskets at the opening of the hut, while the Sergeant called out to know was there any body there? and threatening to fire, if they did not come out. No answer:—so we advanced—entered it—and there beheld a dead man—his head nearly severed from his body, and a bloody razor beside him—the ground and grass bed on which the body lay, soaked with blood. Without removing the corpse, we waited, until the prisoner and his escort came up. The Bushman was led to see the body: he showed no astonishment; but merely said, with an affected pity, 'Aye, that 's poor Peter Septon: he often said he 'd cut his own throat, but now I see he has done it completely.' 'That 's a lie, you villain,' said I; 'no man ever cut his own

throat in that manner: this was done by you.' The wretch's countenance could not change much for the worse; however, his clammy lips quivered, and he wiped the sweat off his forehead, as he replied that he knew nothing about the murder. 'Murder!' said I; 'then you think it *is* a *murder?*' 'Why,' replied he, 'when a man cuts his own throat—isn't that murder?' '*You* did it!' cried out every one present; and the prisoner's eyes evidently answered, '*I did.*'

"It was now proposed to trace the track of the blood, and having left four of our party at the hut to take care of the prisoner, we followed the girl, at a short distance, through various places: she of course was guided by the blood. In about ten minutes, our guide beckoned to us, and we quickly approached to where she stood; there she pointed to a man lying in the long grass, and bleeding profusely—it was a desperate Bushman of the name of Collyer.* We raised him up; he was weak and faint from loss of blood; his hand

* It was by some supposed that Collyer, the Bush-ranger, was the same who for several years terrified the people near Dublin by his robberies; but that is not the fact. Collyer, the Dublin desperado, was not transported.

was shattered by a shot, and his throat partially cut. The poor wretch was then carried by the men back to the hut, and having tasted a little spirits grew something stronger. He sat leaning against a tree; and looking at the other prisoner with a scowl, he cried out to him, 'You treacherous villain! thank God, you are taken!' Then addressing us, he said, 'That rascal, while I was asleep, attempted to cut my throat with a razor, after he had killed his comrade Septon, who slept beside me; and as I was trying to escape from him, he fired at me, and shattered my hand.' The murderer now, like a fiend, roared out 'D—n your eyes and heart, I wish I had cut your throat first, and now you would not be here to tell me of it.' At this moment, the girl cried out to him, 'Hillier, you killed my sister, too.' 'Yes, you black devil, and if I had you now in the Tallow Chandler's Shop,* I'd serve you in the same way.'

"We immediately tied Hillier's arms well, and

* A term given by the Bush-rangers to a dreary flat, called "*Murderer's Plains.*" The following statement, sworn before A. W. H. Humphrey, Esq., Justice of Peace in New Norfolk, Van Diemen's Land, mentions this; and as the statement shows

having bound up Collyer's wounds, and refreshed ourselves, we took the direction of home. Collyer was able to walk after he rested and took a little spirits and water. The dead man's head we made Hillier cut off and carry—hung round his neck in a haversack."

["What was that for?" demanded Sergeant Dobson.

very strongly the daring spirit of the Bush-rangers, I copy it.—It is from a daily journal, called "*The Bengal Hurkaru.*"

"John Yorke being duly sworn, states—about five o'clock in the evening of November 27, (1816) I fell in with a party of Bush-rangers, about fourteen men and two women; Michael Howe and Geary were the only two of the gang I knew personally. I met them on Scantling's Plains—I was on horseback; they desired me to stop, which I accordingly did on the high road—it was Geary that stopped me; he said he wanted to see every man sworn to abide by the contents of a letter. I observed a thick man writing, as I suppose, to the Lieutenant-governor. Geary was the man who administered the oath on a prayer-book, calling each man for that purpose regularly—they did not inform me the contents of the letter. Michael Howe and Geary directed me to state when I came home, the whole I had seen, and to inform Mr. Humphrey, the magistrate, and Mr. Wade, the chief constable, to take care of themselves, as they were resolved to take their lives, and to prevent them from keeping stock or grain, unless there was something done for them—that Mr. Humphrey might rear what grain he liked, but they would thrash more in one night, than he could reap in a year. They said they could set the whole country on fire with one stick.

"Because," replied the old man, "there was 50*l.* reward for every Bushman's head; a hundred for Howe's or Geary's, and seventy-five for Collyer's."

"That was sufficient reason," rejoined the Sergeant.

"By Gad! it was a very good thing, to make the rascal carry home his own work; and I hope he was paid his wages for it," said O'Callaghan.]

"That he was," replied old Worral; "both he and Collyer were gibbetted on Hunter's Island, beside the whistling bones of Whitehead, and the two fellows who escaped us at the time we started them out of the hut; their names were Burne and

I was detained about three-quarters of an hour, during which time they charged me to be strict in making known what they said to me, and what I had seen. On my return from Port Dalrymple, I called at a hut occupied by Joseph Wright, at Scantling's Plains; William Williams, and a youth, were there, who told me the Bush-rangers had been there a few days before, and forced them to a place called *Murderer's Plains* (which the Bush-rangers called the *Tallow Chandler's Shop*), where they made them remain three days, for the purpose of rendering down a large quantity of beef fat, which Williams understood was taken from cattle belonging to Stynes and Troy."*

* These people lost 150 head of cattle.

M'Guire, and I 'll tell you how they were taken. As soon as they were off through the thicket from our party, they made their way down to Kangaroo Point—for they were completely cut off from the gang; and wishing to go to Bass's Straits, by which they would be safe, they applied to a settler to let them have a boat, for which service they offered him a watch. The settler, who had often lost his cattle and corn by the Bush-rangers, pretended to accept their proposal, and having requested them to wait at a certain place until he returned with the boat, went to Hobart's Town, and returned with a party of soldiers:—the robbers were surrounded and taken. Burne, a hardy old fellow, attempted to escape, and had broken his way through the soldiers, when a shot took him in the leg, and down he dropped. They were tried for the murder of Mr. Carlisle, and gibbetted."

"[Well, how did you get on with the prisoners, Collyer and the murderer?" demanded Jack Andrews.]

"I 'll tell you. We did very well; but met with no more of the Bush-rangers. I should have

mentioned that the girl, when we halted on the evening we took the two robbers, gave us a history of her treacherous paramour, Howe; and all she said about him was corroborated by both Collyer and Hillier, who were present while she told us what she knew about him. We halted in a very beautiful spot, beside a clear river, in which we could see the fish frolicking about as if they wanted us to cook them for dinner; and all sorts of curious birds were as plenty as sparrows in this country. The place was a green dry piece of flat, close to a thick wood, and at the bottom of a hill. On the opposite side of the river, hill after hill arose, covered with wood; also, at the edge of the river there were a dozen Kangaroos skipping about, but they took care to keep far enough from us. There were several giants of trees at different distances; and under one of those we lighted a fire; having first tied our prisoners together and fastened them to an immense bough, that was hanging from its parent trunk, splintered perhaps by a storm.

"We cooked the remaining meat we had by broiling it; and all ate hearty of this and some

ember cakes we the day before made. All rested under the shade; for we were tolerably fatigued. It was here that Mary, the native girl, told us about Howe: she said that she first saw him at Hobart Town, where he was a crown servant to Mr. Ingle, and she a servant to another settler there: she was then only seventeen years of age, and really must have been a very good-looking young girl, for a sort of a black as she was. Howe got the better of her so, that he prevailed upon her to let him into the house to rob her master, and then elope with him to the woods. He was very kind to her, she said, whenever he was successful; but if anything crossed his temper, he was like a tiger; and then, neither she nor his men would go near him until his passion cooled. He was jealous of this girl; and Edwards—one of the gang—after they had robbed Captain Townson, gave Mary a shawl, which was part of the booty; when Howe drew his pistol deliberately, and shot him. He also killed another of his gang, Bowls, for merely firing a blank shot over his head: he deliberately tied his hands and feet first, then put the pistol to

his head and fired: this he did on Salt-pan Plains. None of the men dared remonstrate with him; for he always was armed with three or four pistols ready loaded; and he often used to impress upon his gang, that every leader should be obeyed in whatever he ordered—that no murmurs should be heard; and always concluded his remarks on such subjects by a terrible oath—that life was nothing to him, and if they did not like his conduct, they might try it with him in any way they wished; 'but,' said he, 'I *will* shoot any of my men if I think they deserve it.' She said that he was very revengeful: he sat on one of the hills of thick wood, which rise one above the other and overlook Hobart Town, one night with Mary beside him, smoking and drinking, and more merry than ever she knew him to be, because he was to have satisfaction of Mr. Humphries, and Mr. Reardon the constable. Collyer was with him that night; and while she was telling us about the affair, he often set her right on little points, which she had forgotten. She said, that they sat in their hut, looking out over the hills below them, and the town, and the plains: they could just discern the houses through

the closing twilight. As it grew dark, and the view was lost, Howe filled his goblet, and exclaimed, ‘ Now, Collyer, we want light ; here ’s success to the hand that will give it to us.’ Collyer drank the toast, and Mary got up to strike a spark in the tinder, when Howe laughed loudly, and seizing the girl by the arm, he replied, ‘ Sit down, Mary — don’t trouble yourself; Whitehead is lighting a match for us.’ She did not understand him, for Whitehead, she knew, was gone down, with the rest of the gang, to the low lands. ‘ Look out,’ said he: ‘ now do you see the light?’ The girl looked as he desired her:—so did Collyer and himself; and they beheld a tremendous flame, at two different points below, which threw a glare all over the plain. ‘ There,’ said Howe, ‘ these fires have cost a pretty penny:—that is all the corn that Humphreys reaped this season; and that, near it, is the last of Reardon’s property.’ Then said he to Collyer, ‘ My boy, a toast:—Here ’s success to the Bushman’s tinder-box, and a blazing fire to their enemies!’—I remember that Collyer smiled when Mary recited this before him.”

[“ Well, by the powers!” observed Corporal

O'Callaghan, "I never hard o' such a divil as that same Misther Howe. What counthryman was he?"]

"A Yorkshireman: he was born at Pontefract in 1787, entered the merchant service at Hull, and then became a man-o'-war's man; but he deserted, and robbed a miller; for which he was transported. Captain Cross of the *Indefatigable*, brought him out to Van Diemen's Land: before he sailed, he tried to escape by jumping from the main deck over the vessel's side; and Captain Cross said that he swam a quarter of a mile before he was retaken."

["Well, did you bring in your prisoners safe," demanded Sergeant Dobson.]

"Yes," replied old Worral; "we lodged them in Hobart Town jail, and they were both gibbetted along with Whitehead, Brown, and M'Guire."

["And was Howe ever taken?"

"I'll tell you the end of the villain."

"Stop,—come to the end o' *that* first," said O'Callaghan, handing old Worral the horn goblet.]

Worrel proceeded:—"After this, Howe hav-

ing separated from his few remaining associates, had art enough to obtain pardon from the governor, by humbling to him, and offering not only to give himself up, but to engage in annihilating the remaining bush-rangers. He was absolutely at large in Hobart Town—or at least, only accompanied by a constable—awaiting his pardon; and every body looked upon him as reformed, when he slipped off from his keeper, and took to his old habits: but he did not join any others; he wandered about alone, without any communication with mankind, except when necessity drove him to plunder an unguarded settler: totally shut out from man, he lived the sole occupier of an immense tract of the most beautiful country, as yet untrodden by any human foot but his; for the part he selected was the distant and unknown lands: there would he wander while his powder and shot lasted, and then return to replenish his stock by plunder, committing the most wanton acts of atrocity.

"There was a determined fellow of the name of Slambow, who took care of sheep for a Mr. Williams, of Hobart Town: he lived on his land in

the neighbourhood of New Norfolk: this man had frequently been accosted by Howe in his rambles, and for aught we knew, did little jobs for him, as much out of fear as love. Howe had now gone to this Slambow, to request him to carry a letter to the Governor; and the request having been complied with, an appointment was made between them to meet at an unfrequented place the following Friday, at sunrise. Slambow, in the meantime, met with a runaway, called Watts, who had been wandering about New Norfolk, and they united in a plan to take Howe when he came to give his letter. Watts was tired of his ranging life, and hoped for pardon, as well as a passage to England, if he captured him. The appointed spot was on the banks of the Derwent river; and Watts took a boat on the Thursday night, and went close up to it; when concealing his boat, he lay himself in a close thicket for the night, to await the coming of Howe and Slambow. A little before sunrise Watts arose from his lair and proceeded to fulfil his appointment, he met Slambow, who then informed him that he was to meet Howe at a place about half a mile away,

called *Long Bottom:* Watts requested Slambow to hide his gun where he could find it on their return, because he said Howe might object to come to them, if he saw him armed—as to Watts being armed, Howe knew he was a Bushman, and would not suspect any thing wrong: this was done, and they proceeded to Long Bottom, where they arrived just as the sun was rising. I saw this very place, myself—it is a wide plain near the river, but skirted by abrupt mountains; here and there it is spread with bushes and trees, and in the centre is a creek or nook of the river. When they had come within about a hundred yards of this creek, Slambow hallooed loudly; and at the signal Howe appeared. As soon as he saw them, he requested Watts to shake the priming out of his gun, and offered to do the same himself: this was accordingly done by both, and they walked together conversing on different matters, when Howe proposed to light a fire and have some breakfast: this was agreed upon—the wood was collected, and set fire to—the haversacks opened—and they were apparently about to enjoy a Bush-ranger's breakfast, when Watts, who was a strong

man, came behind Howe—threw him down—and there held him while Slambow tied his hands.

" Having secured their prey, they sat down to their breakfast; and after having finished their meal, set out for Hobart Town. They had not gone more than eight miles when Howe, who had found means to loosen the cords on his hands, drew a knife and stabbed Watts, who fell from the blow, and dropped his gun. Slambow was below a bank, and thus prevented from seeing what Howe had done; nor did he suspect until he heard Watts groan, and saw Howe presenting a gun at his breast. The next moment he was dead; for Howe fired and shot him. Watts then cried out to Howe, ' Have you shot Slambow?" to which Howe replied that he had, and that he would serve Watts the same way as soon as he could load his gun. Upon this Watts got up and ran about two hundred yards, the blood trickling from his side as he ran: here he fell and lay for a short time, being overcome by loss of blood. Howe did not follow him, fearing an alarm from the shot he had fired; but took his way back to the wilds, happy to have yet that resource from the gallows. Watts crawled to a settler's

house, and was conveyed to the hospital, where he gave an account of the affair, and soon after expired. The inquest on both bodies brought a verdict of wilful murder against Michael Howe.

"This last violence threw the people into consternation, and an additional sum was offered for Howe, dead or alive; for he was now the only Bush-ranger abroad, and his fall most probably would put an end to that system of murder and robbery, which paralyzed trade, and terrified every inhabitant of the settlement.

"I was now determined to make a push for the capture of this villain; for which I was promised a passage to England in the next ship that sailed, and the amount of the reward laid upon his head. I found out a man of the name of Warburton, who was in the habit of hunting kangaroos for their skins, and who had frequently met Howe during his excursions, and sometimes furnished him with ammunition. He gave me such an account of Howe's habits, that I felt convinced, we could take him with a little assistance. I therefore spoke to a man of the name of Pugh, belonging to the 48th regiment—one whom I knew was a most

cool and resolute fellow; he immediately entered into my views, and having applied to Major Bell, his commanding officer, he was recommended by him to the Governor, by whom I was permitted to act, and allowed to join us; so he and I went directly to Warburton, who heartily entered into the scheme, and all things were arranged for putting it into execution. The plan was thus:—Pugh and I were to remain in Warburton's hut, while Warburton himself was to fall into Howe's way. The hut was on the banks of the river Shannon, standing so completely by itself, and so out of the track of any body who might be feared by Howe, that there was every probability of accomplishing our wishes, and '*scotch the snake*,' —as they say—if not kill it. Pugh and I accordingly proceeded to the appointed hut: we arrived there before day-break, and having made a hearty breakfast, Warburton set out to seek Howe: he took no arms with him, in order to still more effectually carry his point; but Pugh and I were provided with muskets and pistols.

"The sun had been just an hour up, when we saw Warburton and Howe upon the top of a hill,

coming towards the hut. We expected they would be with us in a quarter of an hour, and so we sat down upon the trunk of a tree, inside the hut, calmly waiting their arrival. An hour passed, but they did not come; so I crept to the door cautiously and peeped out—there I saw them standing, within a hundred yards of us, in earnest conversation: as I learnt afterwards, the delay arose from Howe's suspecting that all was not right. I drew back from the door to my station; and in about ten minutes after this we plainly heard footsteps, and the voice of Warburton;—another moment, and Howe slowly entered the hut—his gun presented and cocked. The instant he spied us, he cried out, '*Is that your game?*'—and immediately fired; but Pugh's activity prevented the shot from taking effect, for he knocked the gun aside. Howe ran off like a wolf. I fired, but missed. Pugh then halted, and took aim at him, but also missed. I immediately flung away the gun, and ran after Howe. Pugh also pursued—Warburton was a considerable distance away. I ran very fast—so did Howe; and if he had not fallen down an unexpected bank, I should not have been fleet enough for him:—this

fall, however, brought me up with him;—he was on his legs, and preparing to climb a broken bank, which would have given him a free run into a wood, when I presented my pistol at him, and desired him to stand: he drew forth another, but did not level it at me. We were about fifteen yards from each other—the bank he fell from between us. He stared at me with astonishment; and, to tell you the truth, I was a little astonished at him; for he was covered with patches of kangaroo skins, and wore a long black beard—a haversack and powder-horn slung across his shoulders. I wore my beard also—as I do now; and a curious pair we looked like. After a moment's pause, he cried out, 'Black beard against grey beard, for a million!'—and fired:—I slapped at him; and, I believe, hit him; for he staggered; but rallied again, and was clearing the bank between him and me, when Pugh ran up, and with the butt end of his firelock knocked him down again, jumped after him, and battered his brains out, just as he was opening a clasp knife to defend himself.

"This was the fate of the last and most ferocious of the Bush-rangers—a villain, who never

was known to have done an act of humanity, and who had coolly murdered numbers of his fellow-creatures."

["Well; did you get the reward, for ridding the world of the rascal?" demanded Sergeant Dobson.]

"Yes; the reward was divided amongst Pugh, Warburton, and myself; but we got subscriptions from the settlers, to twice the amount; and I was sent home free, with the thanks of the Governor and the public."

["By my soul, you desarved all you got," said Corporal O'Callaghan. "Did you carry the fellow's body with you?"]

"No; we buried the body, but took off the head and brought it to Hobart Town, where it was exhibited to the crowd—and no wondering wild beast ever excited more curiosity. We found in his haversack a sort of book made of kangaroo skin, and his dreams written in it with kangaroo blood. There was also a memorandum of what seeds and plants he wanted, in case he established a secure residence for himself in the wild country."

"By George! he was the most extraordinary

fellow, except *Three Fingered Jack*, that ever I heard of," said Dobson.

"Oh, he was the broth of a boy!" observed the Corporal.—"And have you lived long in Ireland?"

"Ever since my return from Van Diemen's Land—that may be about fifteen years. I told you that I was born in this country, but left it very young: however, when I returned I found my only relations were a niece and her daughter; so I took them to keep my cabin for me—where we live, thank God, very comfortably."

"What 's your grand-niece's name?" demanded Jack Andrews.—

At this moment the officer of the rounds challenged, and the guard turned out. The night was now clear—the weather calm—so Old Worral took his parting drop from the Corporal, and trudged on towards his cabin.

As the regiment to which the guard belonged was to march at daylight, having the day before received orders to proceed to Plymouth, and there embark for Portugal, little was talked about in the guard-house after the old man went away, but

the parting with acquaintances, and the forthcoming campaign in that country where they had so long toiled.

At half-past five they marched from Ballycraggen guard-house to the main street in the little town, where the regiment was already forming, and the baggage packed on fifteen or twenty cars—all pressed the day before for this service. The route had arrived very unexpectedly, owing to the invasion of Portugal by the rebel chief, the Marquis de Chaves, and the consequent energy and decision of Mr. Canning in sending out assistance to that country; on this account no regiment relieved that stationed at Ballycraggen, and the guard-house was now deserted; the old oak chair in which the sergeant of the guard usually sat, and the wooden forms, were removed—nothing remained to inform the accidental visitor of the cottage, that it once was a military occupation, but the names of sundry soldiers, and the description of their *rank*, delineated on the wall by a burnt stick.

Early as the hour was, the townspeople were all up, and waiting to see the regiment march off.

The glass—the parting glass—of strong whisky was doing its duty briskly; the officers were bustling about; the soldiers wives sorrowful enough, mounted on the baggage, with their children—many of them were to be left behind the regiment on embarkation, and none of them knew which. Little groups were here and there detached from the ground on which the regiment was to form, generally composed of soldiers and a few of the people with whom they had been on habits of intimacy. Several couples of lovers stood interestingly conversing, or in melancholy silence: among these was a young soldier and a remarkably pretty girl—she was weeping, while he held her hand and endeavoured to sooth her almost breaking heart. This was Jack Andrews and this his sweetheart to whom he was betrothed:—they were to have been married in a few weeks, when the route came which was now about to separate them for a considerable time—if not for ever. Her mother now came up to her, and although evidently affected at her daughter's situation, put on an appearance of gaiety which only made things worse. Andrews loved the girl, and it is but just to say

she was worthy of his most tender regard: all the town, as well as the regiment, knew of their attachment. The girl had two hundred pounds fortune. Jack Andrews was to have purchased his discharge, and to have settled in Ireland, along with Ellen Hart (that was her name). All her friends highly approved of the match; for Jack was as amiable and as good-looking a man as any in the regiment to which he belonged. Corporal Callaghan, having dispatched his own affairs with those numerous acquaintances which a fellow of his peculiarly pleasant and sociable qualities must naturally possess, when domiciled for a very considerable time in an Irish country town, now came up to Andrews, and tapping him on the shoulder, exclaimed, "Blood an' ouns! Jack, my boy, I 'm sorry Ellen Hart is not coming along with us. Can't you ax her mother, there, to let her go?—Ellen, give us your hand. By the powers! if I had such another as you, I 'd have you up at the top o' the baggage, there, with Mrs. Mullowny, in a jiffy. The divil a toe you should stay behind me."

Andrews smiled and sighed; Ellen's tears only

fell faster, and her mother was about to reply, when her attention was arrested by another object. "Here," said she, "is my uncle—poor old man! he hasn't seen you this whole year, Ellen; so don't be so sorrowful-looking."

The uncle advanced—it was Old Worral; and the astonishment which Andrews felt at finding him the grand-uncle of his Ellen may be imagined. Things were briefly explained; and the veteran, seizing the hand of Andrews as well as that of Ellen, exclaimed, "I see you are a couple that ought not to be separated; but I know what the service is—no woman can be certain of permission to embark with her husband; therefore you must be patient, and hope to be united soon. Young man, you are going to a foreign country, to meet the dangers of the field, and I am on the verge of the grave—we may or may not meet again: but here, before we do part, let me, in the presence of her mother, give you my consent to marry my dear Ellen. I see you are a good young man, and she is worthy of you—she loves you, and, from what I hear, I have no doubt you love her; —there; I give her to you, and two hundred

pounds,—the savings of a long life. If you return safe from Portugal, and marry my dear little Ellen—if you both come happily together, and that it please God to put me under ground before that time—all I ask is, that you drink poor Old Worrel's health, and be kind to Ellen Hart."

"That I will," said Andrews, as he took up his musket, which he had placed against a tree—for the regiment was ordered to fall in, the drums were beating, and the parting word passing from many. After an instant's pause, he took the hand of the old man, and with great emotion said, "O! take care of her," then pressed once more his Ellen to his breast: neither he nor she spoke a word—they could not; but their hearts beat closely together, and right well understood each other. The old man and the mother of the girl stood gazing sorrowfully; and even O'Callaghan's eyes were about to betray him into weakness. The lovers separated; and with the blessing of the old soldier and his niece, Jack Andrews and the Corporal hastened to fall into the ranks. All was now ready—the commanding officer gave the word "*Quick, March!*"—the band struck up "*The girl*

I left behind me,"—and with three huzzas from the crowd, the gallant soldiers marched off from Ballycraggen, to take, once more, the field against the enemies of their country.

THE END.

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*** *The interesting music for which the songs of this work were written, is preparing for publication, with the words attached thereto; and will shortly be ready for delivery at the music shops.*

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